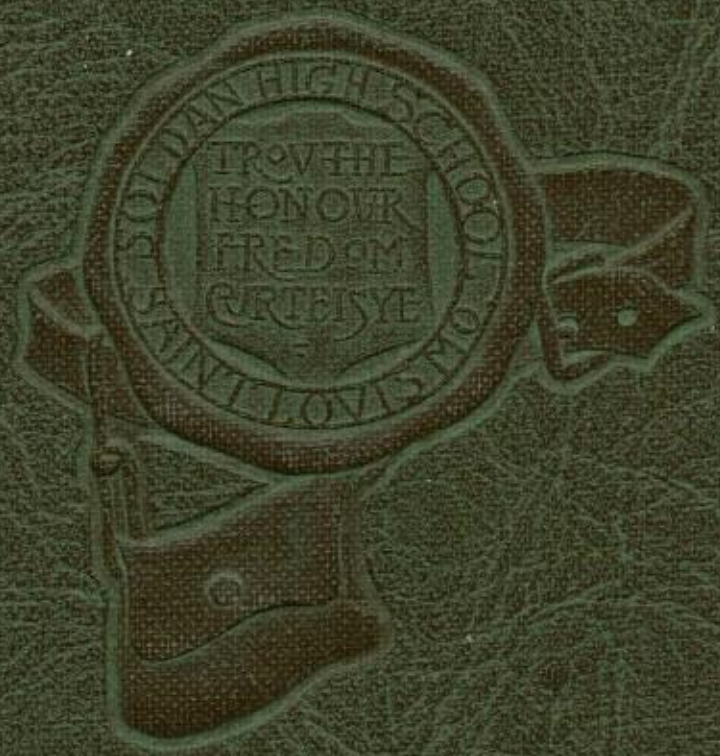
THE SCRIP


SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL
TRVTHE
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FREDOM
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SAINT LOVIS MO

The Scrip

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS UNDER DIRECTION OF THE FACULTY / FRANK LOUIS SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL / SAINT LOUIS / VOLUME THIRTY-THREE / NUMBER ONE / JUNE 1930 /

TRVTHE
HONOVR
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To the Spirit of Soldan

which through twenty years

has enriched the lives of youth
with desire for Truth's enlightenment
with esteem for character that merits Honor
with hope for Freedom born of ignorance dispelled
with pleasure in the grace of Courtesy

which in unnumbered future years

increasing still in power
may shed its beacon rays of inspiration
upon the countless youth to come

this SCRIP *is respectfully dedicated.*

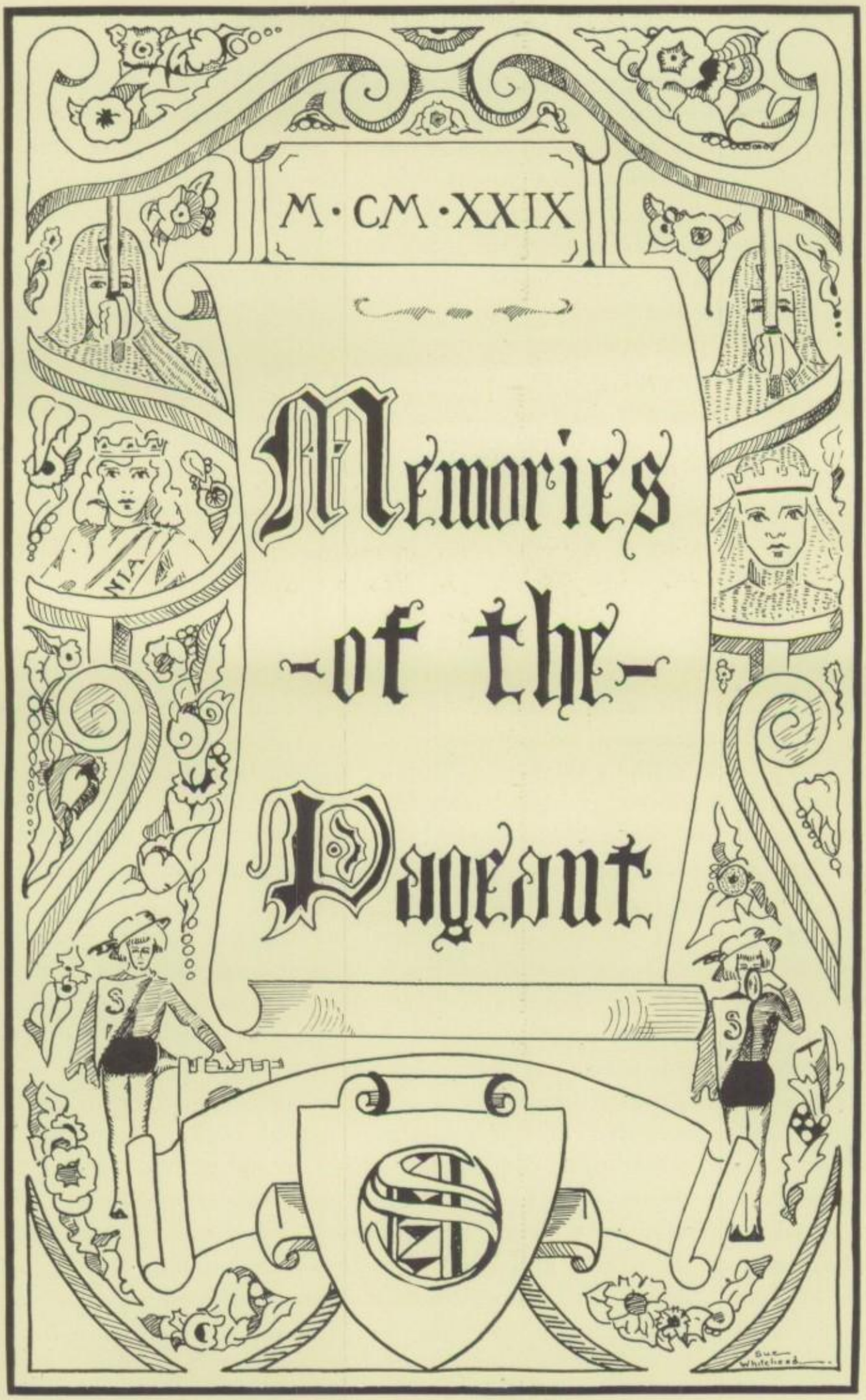
Mr. John Rush Powell, builder of Soldan spirit, inspirer of youth, Principal of Soldan for twenty years, and now District Superintendent of High Schools in St. Louis.

JOHN RUSH POWELL

Mr. Herbert P. Stellwagen, present Principal of Soldan, who has been entrusted with theguardianship of our cherished ideals, and who has already won the esteem and confidence of us all.

HERBERT P. STELLWAGEN

In the following section Scrip has undertaken to give an illustrated review of "Memories of Twenty Years," a pageant which was given on May the seventeenth and eighteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, to commemorate the founding of the Frank Louis Soldan High School.


M·CM·XXIX
Memories
-of the-
Pageant
Sue Whitehead

A History of the Pageant

"Youth, a keen-edged sword, a gage—"

How worthy it is to serve this youth, this unformed thing of today, this hope of tomorrow! And what is more deserving of praise than a school which has trained for twenty years the youth of a city?

Nothing influences the course of a school more than its leader. A man bringing to a new school old ideals but fresh courage, a man growing with his school as the years go by, a man building always for the future of his school—such a leader was Mr. Powell. With the strong and willing support of a great faculty, he massed the diversified strength of Soldan and welded it into a unified thought.

When Soldan was organized, Mr. Powell, at that time the principal of Yeatman High School, was made the principal of Soldan. The first few years were difficult; for students, loyal to their old schools, resented being transferred to a new one that had no personality. However, colors were soon chosen, a motto was selected, and clubs were formed. Students grew loyal as the slow years of formation passed—Soldan became Soldan!

And then, in 1916, Soldan bent all its energies to the giving of a pageant, the Shakespeare Tercentenary. This enterprise, participated in by all the students, knit the school together and made Soldan proud of its spirit of successful coöperation.

A year later came the war, and many Soldan boys laid down their lives for their country. It was a sad and yet a thrilling time; girls and boys, faculty and pupils, all worked together, all sacrificed together. Although it was tragedy, this period will forever remain a significant epoch in Soldan's history.

Then grew the Soldan of today with its traditions, its ideals, its enthusiasms; with its many activities in classrooms, in clubs, and in athletics. An orchestra, boys' and girls' glee clubs, a dramatic guild, a band, dancing classes, and gymnastic clubs—these are a few of the varied groups in Soldan.

Each of these periods of Soldan's existence and each of these organizations was represented in the great pageant of 1929, "Memories of Twenty Years." Not only did Soldan strive to show what had been accomplished in these years, but also why it was done, how it was done, and by whom it was done. And, as one looks back almost a year later, the harmony of the whole and its perfect fitness to portray the twenty years of Soldan's activity become more and more apparent.

Grace Crowe, January, '30.

FOR HERE WE HAVE A THEME MOST GLORIOUS,
OUR ALMA MATER'S TREASURED HISTORY.

A Pageant

"Memories of Twenty Years"

(The lines of this Pageant were written by members of the Drama classes, the Writers' Club, and others.)

PROLOGUE

O all ye powers of thought and work and song,
And all ye kindred lords of light and joy,
We pour libations at your altars high
And raise our voices, pleading for your gifts
Of Poesy's exalted trumpet-tones;
For here we have a theme most glorious,
Most worthy of triumphant blazonry,—
Our Alma Mater's treasured history.

And you whose eager hearts have led you here
To share the honor of her bounteous praise,
To stir the embers of undying fires
And warm your lives with tender, glowing zeal,
Pour forth the treasures of your memory
To swell the volume and intensity
Of this, our Alma Mater's history!

On waves of ether through the willing air,
In silent wave-lengths of uncharted thought,
Come crowding messages from far away,
Voiceless but eloquent of unseen presences
Whose lives bear evidence in worth or force
Of thoughts and deeds and silent influence
That time has mingled with the panoply
Of this, our Alma Mater's history.

O Muses, lend your clearest, purest tones
To sing great Soldan's praise! And give the sky
For sounding-board, the sun for glowing fire,
The stars to crown our Alma Mater's brow!
Unroll Time's hallowed scroll, O Fates, and spread
To view the glorious past that Soldan owns!
The mists of twenty years are cleared away;
And lo! the flaming letters of our Motto show:
"Trouthe and Honour, Fredom and Curteisye".

UNROLL TIME'S HALLOWED SCROLL, O FATES, AND SPREAD
TO VIEW THE GLORIOUS PAST THAT SOLDAN OWNS!

The rainbow trails across the earth, and leaves
Two mystic colors in its wake; a third,
Grim scarlet, trickles close beside, to bind
The two with broken heart-strings. The glow of Health
And Wisdom's sweetest charms from Plenty's horn
Are poured. And then behold a vaster throng
That kneels at Alma Mater's feet, exults
In her, and pours out gifts of richest store.
O Skies, send back her praise ten-thousand-fold,—
And still 'tis not enough! O strain, ye steeds
That guide the sun! Out pace your course! Leap o'er
The gates of Night, and strive for yonder farthest
Star to lay at Soldan's feet! The heart
Of brightest blaze beams not more bright than this
Rich record of unselfish service given!

SYMBOLIC EPISODE

The Persons:

Saint Louis, the Crusader King, Knights, Squires, Pages, Lords and Ladies, Herald, Education, Central High, McKinley High, Yeatman High, Soldania.

SAINT LOUIS:

All lands and climes pay tribute now to this,
My City of the Western World, St. Louis.
And I have traveled far from distant lands,
From Holy Wars and sojourn in the East,
From war-torn Europe of the Middle Age,
Across the misty tide of centuries,
To find at last the city of my dreams,
In festal celebration, world renowned.
Rich plenty reigns, and everywhere abound
Material wealth and great prosperity.
But these are not the evidence I seek
Of this, my city's claim of truest worth.
Wealth is not culture, nor is progress aught
Except it be in knowledge. Wherefore now
I seek to know her progress in the Arts.
Is Education now her chief concern?
All else I lay aside,—her wealth, her homes:
Bring me tidings of my City's schools.

(*Enter Education*)

EDUCATION:

I am the spirit of the Public School.
It is my task to guide and train the young;
To give them that which money cannot buy:
They learn to love and serve their fellowmen:
To hunger and to thirst for higher things;
To draw the line between the false and true.
Because of me, it is my fondest hope,
The children of this City of thy name
Shall grow in knowledge, wisdom, virtue, power,
So that in them, as men and women strong,
Up-standing for the common good of all,
You shall have citizens, O King, who mean
To make their city clean in government,
A better place in which to work and live;
With parks and fair broad streets, and all that Art
With thoughtful plan can do, will they employ
To make this city fair the nation's pride.
These things shall come to pass to honor you.

(*Enter Central High*)

MOTHER SCHOOL AND ELDER SISTER SCHOOLS IN SOUTH AND NORTH.

CENTRAL HIGH:

Mother of Schools am I, and of my best
I gave to those *new* schools whose very life
Was life of my life. My faculty I shared
And youthful sons and daughters without stint,
To South and North and West in turn I gave.

(*Enter McKinley High*)

First, McKinley, eldest daughter fair,
Bearing the name of martyred President,
In majesty, her lofty towers reared,
And from her doors sent forth in numbers strong
Noble sons and daughters to attest her fame.

(*Enter Yeatman High*)

Then she, who bore the gentle name of him
Who stood for civic worth, and made his life
Synonymous with great philanthropy,
Came into being to perpetuate
The fame of Yeatman, noble citizen.
His spirit like a benediction

AND YOU SHALL HAVE FOR CHAMPIONS STRONG AND TRUE, MY KNIGHTS.

Has made this favored school a monument
Of human service, noble, gentle, true.
"Westward the tide of empire takes its way";
And ere the span of five short years is run,
A wondrous building fair to look upon,
Is reared, by lovely homes environéd
And westward Mother Central sends again
The march of learning's youthful pioneers
To build anew another school whose fame
Is soon to equal that of Mother School
And elder Sister Schools in South and North.
The name of one whose fame throughout the land
Is linked with Education's progress wide
Is now bestowed upon this glorious school
To uphold the standards of the old and new,—
SOLDAN! School of Opportunity!

(*Enter Soldania*)

SAINT LOUIS:

I bid you joyous welcome, Soldania,
Thou Beacon Light of inspiration fair!
In gentle dignity benign and poised,
Thou'rt like a goddess, yet a woman fair.

EDUCATION:

The fairest of all is she, O mighty King,
A woman young in years, but learned in truth
With all Athene ever knew of old.
She shall well teach the children at her side;
With knowledge shall she fill their hungry minds.
With gentle, sweet persuasion shall she seek

IDEALS SHALL GOVERN ACTUAL DEEDS.

To reason with the youth whose eager minds
As gardens beauteous are consecrate
To nurture in the radiant light of Truth.
And she will lead,—they follow up the road,—
The toilsome road of high endeavor to
The heights, for they shall strive to leave
The world enriched in beauty and in light.

SOLDANIA:

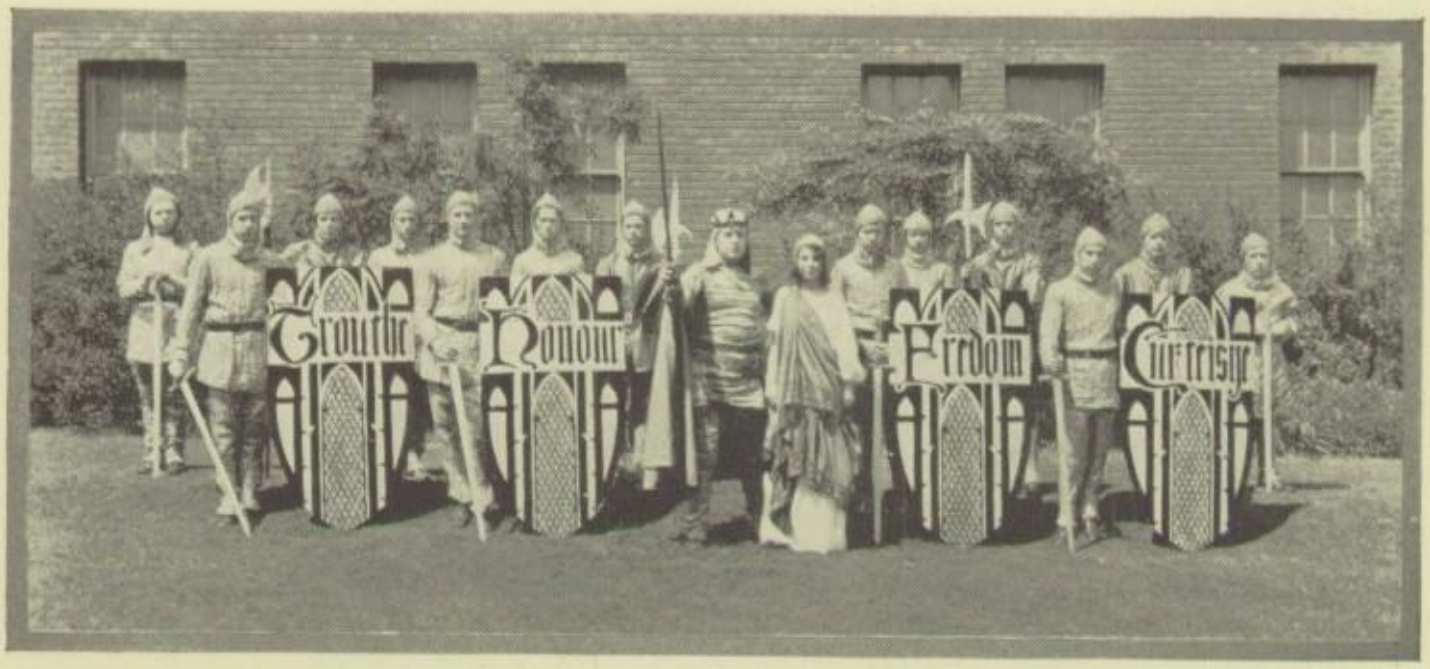
As Education says, so may it be,
For all who enter Soldan High shall learn
A truth majestic in simplicity—
'Tis only things of Spirit that endure.
So shall my sons and daughters all be taught
This lesson from the Past—they who seek self
Alone in Life's superb adventure, must
Lose life and sink in deep oblivion whelmed;
Who freely lose that self, in deeds of love,
Find life, and have it more abundantly.
Who enter in my house of learning shall
Sweet quietude of thought enjoy, and they
Shall come away with priceless knowledge got.
Mine shall forever be an institution
Ageing not thro' countless years of toil
In building minds and souls. Mine shall a school
Eternal in its influence be, where high
Ideals shall govern actual deeds; and here
Thro' everchanging years the Makers of
Tomorrow shall be taught their lives to lead
In usefulness, that they shall make the earth

UPON THY BROW I PLACE THIS CORONET
FOR IT IS WHOLLY MINE TO GIVE.

A better place just for their being here.
To build, to strive, to mount to higher things;
To have their lives inscribed as worthy ones
Upon the immortal histories of Peace.

SAINT LOUIS:

Fair daughter to your gentle hands do I
Commit right willingly the future of
Ten thousand times ten thousand of my sons
And daughters yet to be. Hearts great, faith true,
Minds eager, hands ready shall be theirs. And you
Shall have for champions strong and true, my Knights,
Not only these attending me, but all
The sturdy youth of now, the men and women
Of tomorrow, sons and daughters, all,
Shall guard thy honor and uphold thy name
'Gainst calumny of evil thought and tongue.
Upon thy brow I place this coronet

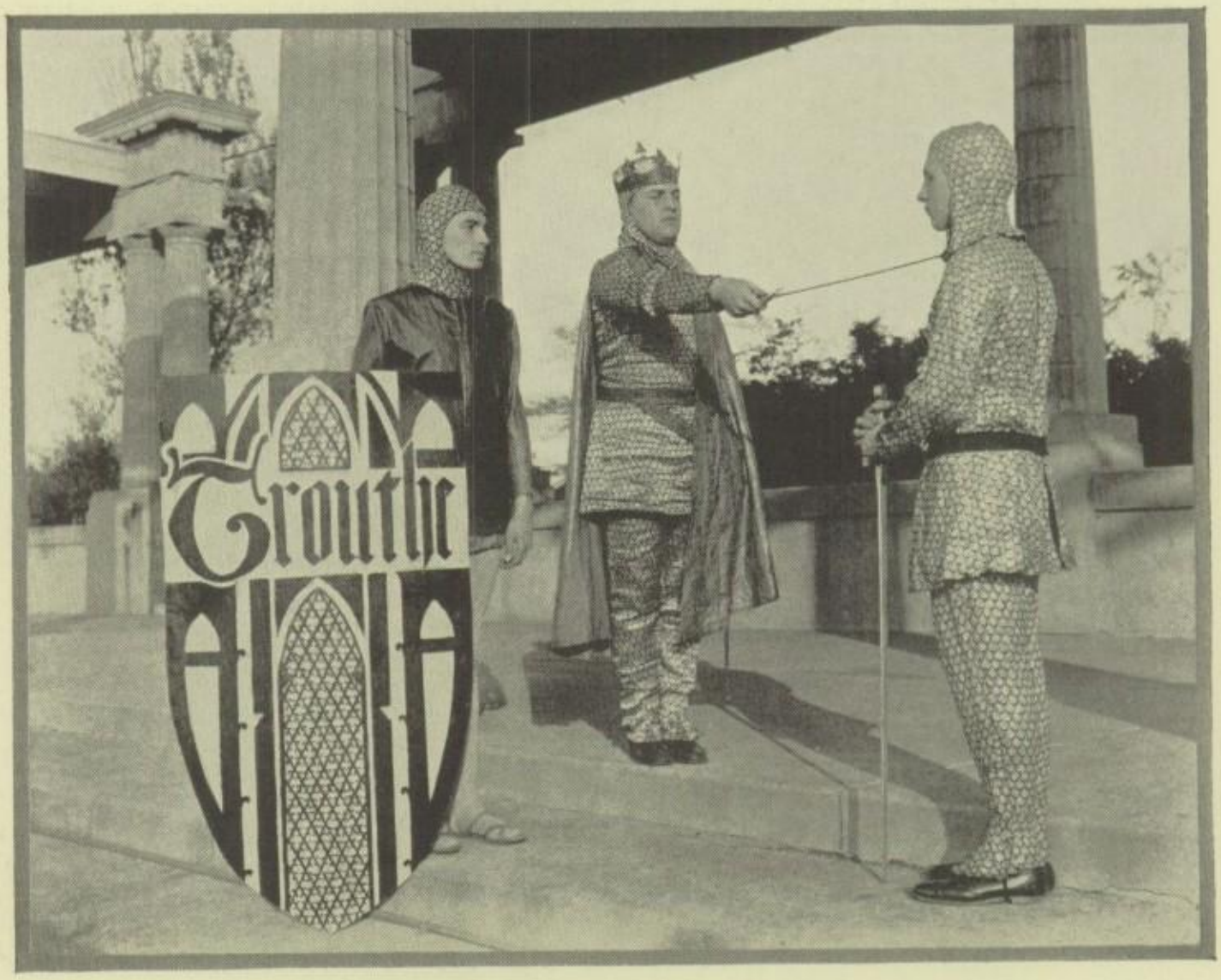


IN GENTLE ALMA MATER HERE ABOUND
ALL BEAUTY, LOVE, AND PEACE, AND POWER. TO THESE
HER GRACES, SHALL YE MATCH CHIVALROUS STRENGTH:
TRUTH, HONOR, FREEDOM, COURTESY.

For it is wholly mine to give.
And now I lead thee forth in honor of thy throne.
(*Leads Soldania to a dais at right*)
My valiant Knights,
Behold this lady, fair as fairest Spring.
She would the humble folk from ignorant depths
High on the mighty Mount of Learning set,
That glorious mount whose towering peak, bold in
The light of Knowledge all revealing gleams.
With her, upon the long and hard won way
Must go staunch champions of dauntless strength
Unto her cause avowed. They'll ward her from
All harm and foes and evils on the way,
And those who follow in her steps, shall reach
The shining goal. Now if ye know your strength
Can hold, respond my Knights, and here acclaim
This lady for your liege. Who'll bear a shield
For her?

THE KNIGHTS (*In one voice*):
A boon, Sir King, I crave the quest for mine!

SAINT LOUIS:
With one accord ye make acclaim; and ye
Shall serve her all. But four pre-eminent
Among you all, shall aye your leaders be.
Ye Knights, on whom my sceptered choice shall fall,
Stand forth, accoutered each with sword and shield.



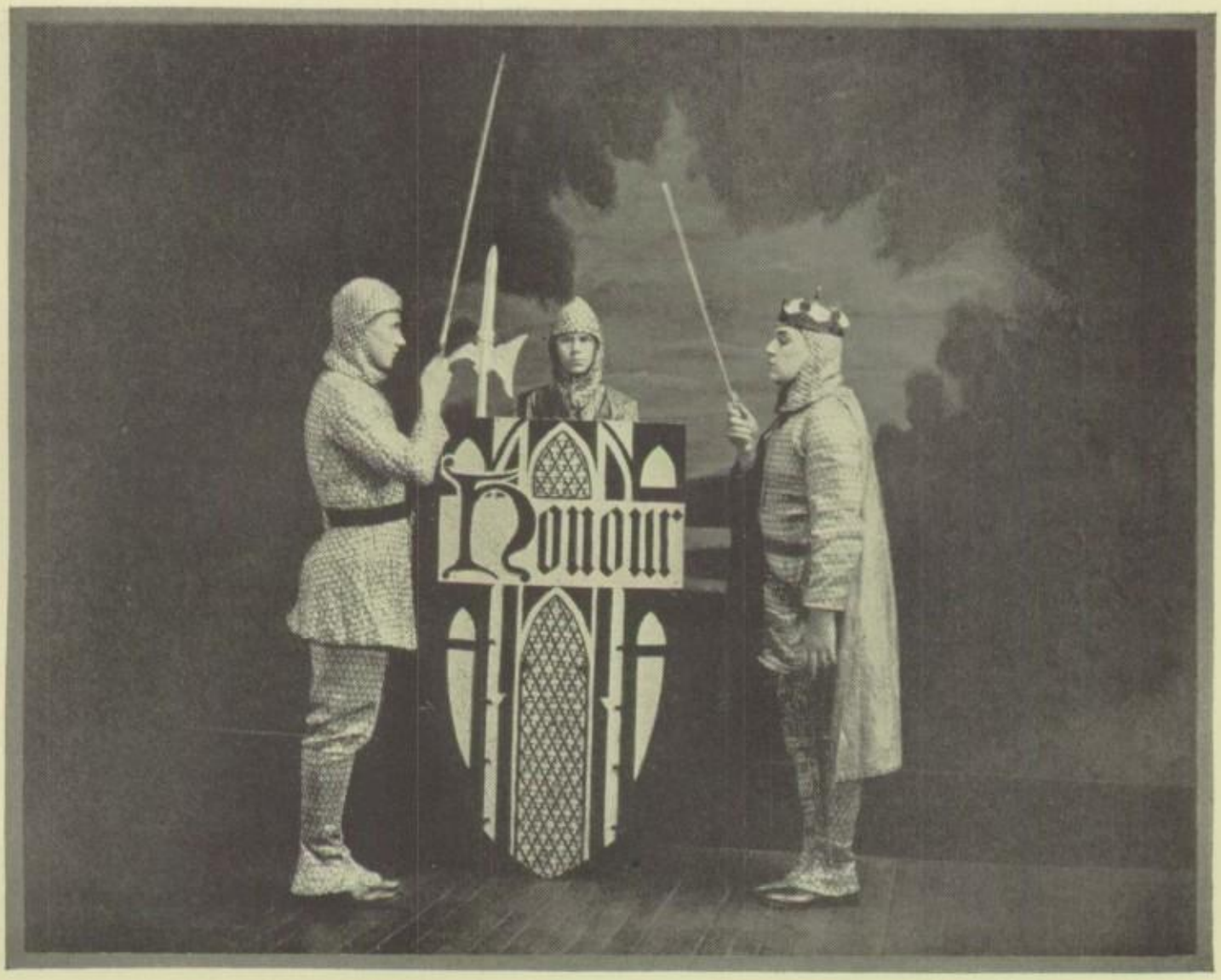
BE EVER STRAIGHT AND FAIR TO ALL YOU MEET
NOR LET THE SHADOW OF A LIE INTRUDE.

From foregone deeds, I know your proven worth;
And so, to Soldan's Alma Mater's needs
I consecrate your loyal service true.
As Knights of old in search of Holy Grail
Did ever keep in mind their plighted vows,
So shall ye constant be, and falter not,
Your only aim—observance of the right.
In gentle Alma Mater here abound
All beauty, love, and peace, and power. To these
Her graces, shall ye match chivalrous strength:
Truth, Honor, Freedom, Courtesy.

(The four chosen knights who represent the motto of the school are given, each in turn, the King's accolade.)

SAINT LOUIS (to Truth):

And now, Sir Truth, advance. Receive thy charge;
Thine is a grace in poor and rich alike,
Becoming to the mighty and the meek.
Heart-core it is of man's achievement full;



CONQUER THOU MUST, AND SUFFER NO DEFEAT
FOR HURTS THAT HONOR FEELS CAN NE'ER BE HEALED.

'Tis Heaven's blessed cure for ignorance.
Close to thy heart hold thou this trust:
Be ever straight and fair to all you meet
Nor let the shadow of a lie intrude.
Be resolute; be staunch of Soul. Sir Truth,
Arise.

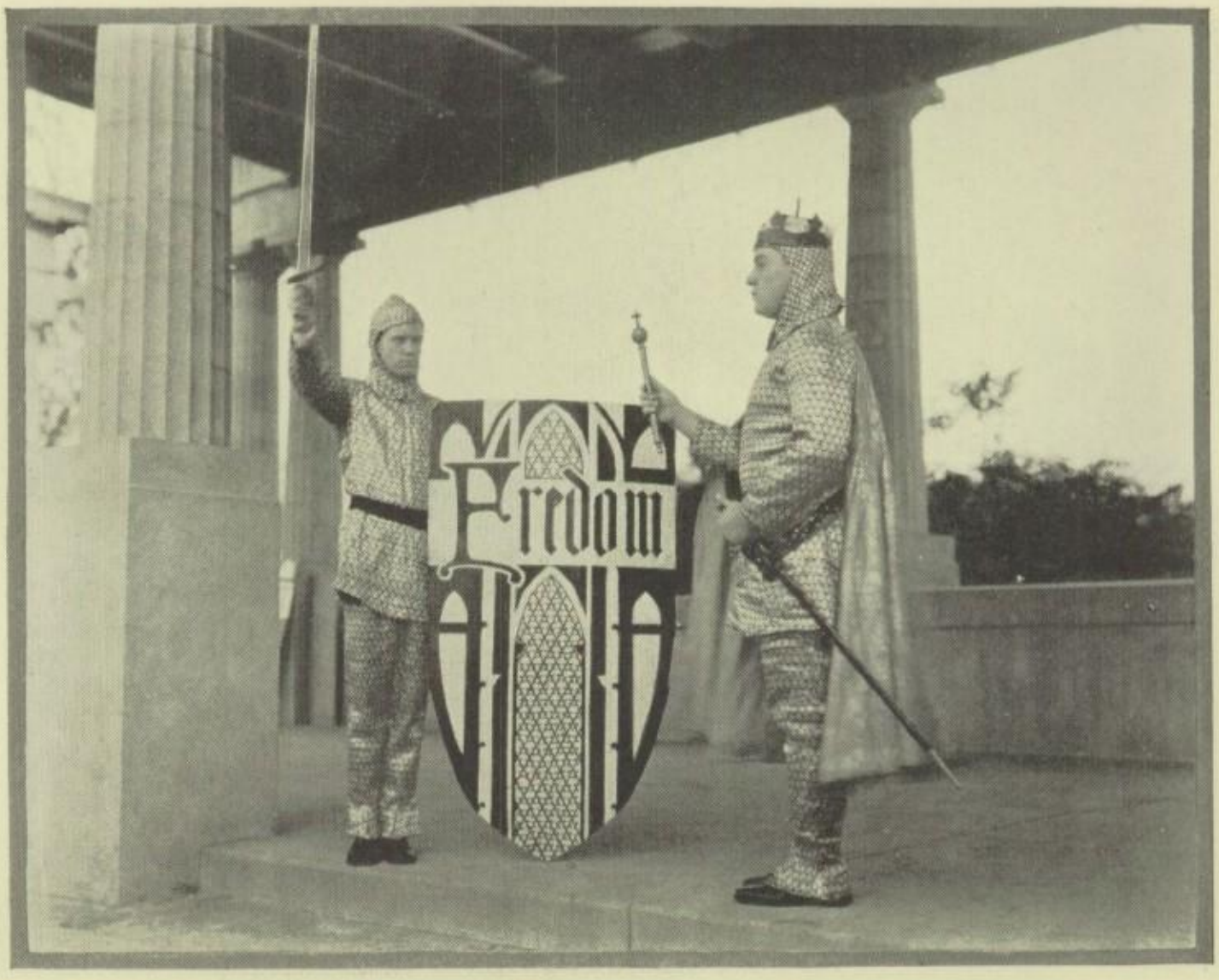
FIRST KNIGHT:

O King, my shield of Truth I interpose
And pledge my life in faith and loyalty.

(*Places shield on wall*)

SAINT LOUIS (*to Honor*):

And thou, my brave, my noble, valiant Knight,
Right proud am I to know and greet thee, Honor,
To have thee with us at this festal scene.
Wear thou the mantle of a blameless life
Nor sully it with touch of any ill;
Above all fear or favor hold thyself,
Nor stoop the least to any purpose low.



BUT HE ALONE IS FREE WHOM TRUTH MAKES FREE!

Go forth into a world of strife and win;
Thy shining sword shall cleave the right from wrong.
Conquer thou must, and suffer no defeat
For hurts that Honor feels can ne'er be healed.
O'er these thou must be victor, or know death.
Arise, Sir Knight, salute your king whose scepter
Knows no littleness.

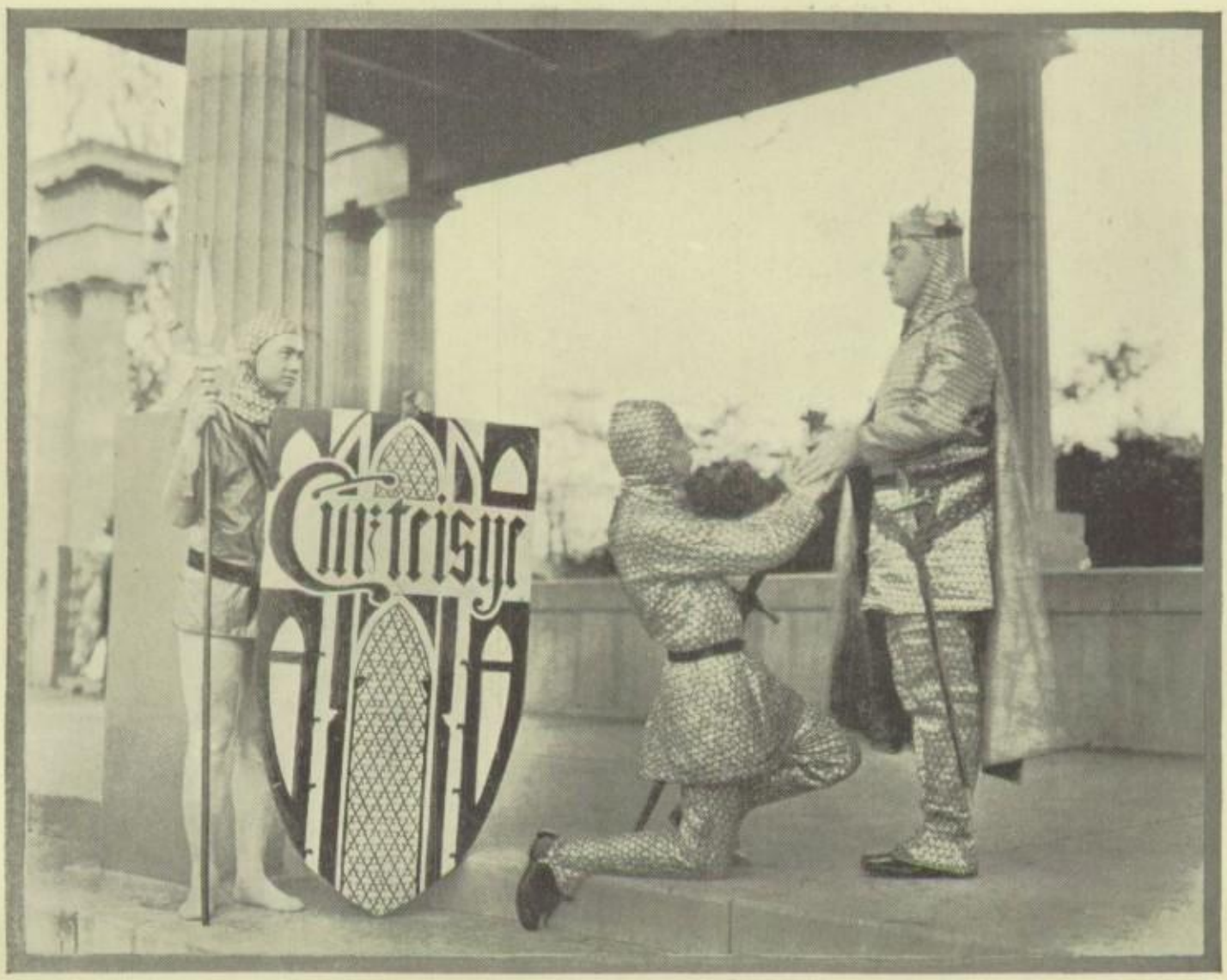
SECOND KNIGHT:

In Honor to her I dedicate my shield.
"When Honor calls, where'er she points the way,
The sons of Honor follow and obey."

(*Places shield on wall*)

SAINT LOUIS (*to Freedom*):

Freedom, Sir Knight, come step thou forth in place
With Truth and Honor by this lady fair,
T'abide. Freedom is ne'er possessed by those
Who work another harm, for Freedom is
The rock of all men's creeds. Be clean and fair,
Your hands keep white; and pray you, keep and guard



AS FRAGRANCE TO A FLOWER, SO COURTESY TO LIFE.

With all thy strength and power, thy laurel sweet.
Sir Knight, arise!

THIRD KNIGHT:

Freedom is the word I give. Sweet Liberty!
But he alone is free whom Truth makes free!

(*Places shield on wall*)

SAINT LOUIS (*to Courtesy*):

Ah, Courtesy, thou gentle Knight yet strong.
Do thou complete this band in brotherhood
So to attend on fair Soldania here,
That all the youth who may her guidance know
Shall feel the impress of thy chivalry.
Their characters are just within the mold;
I would that they may nurture in their souls
The noble, gentle grace of Courtesy.

FOURTH KNIGHT:

With Truth is Honor, Freedom, Courtesy.
As fragrance to a flower, so Courtesy
To life. Considerate and mild, it is

A BOON, SIR KING, I CRAVE THE QUEST FOR MINE!

The kindness of the soul. In gentleness
Shall be your strength, made strong through Courtesy.

(*Places shield on wall*)

SAINT LOUIS (*to Soldania*):

Wilt thou receive their liege pledge from these Knights,
Soldania fair?

SOLDANIA:

Most happy, Sire,
Am I, their loyal service to accept.

KNIGHTS (*All*):

Let the King reign, and peerless by his side,
Soldania, Alma Mater, bright and fair;
Reign, reign, long reign!

SOLDANIA:

Right gallant Knights are yours, good King. Now fain
Would I of my regard some token give
Unto these warrior gentlemen, that they
In joust or tourney whereso'er they ride
May bear the favor of their lady liege.

KING:

What ho! My herald.
Has come the time, when our Soldania fair
Has need of colors bright and gay for each,
And ev'ry Knight her favor proudly wears.
Go; have the dancers brought, and say that they
Shall come in colorful array for they must show
As from an artist's palette gay of hue
Colors in wondrous shade and tint and tone;
Bright reds, pale golds, jade green, and royals too,
Poured forth with freshest shades of early Spring,
Shall be the golden warmth of Autumn days,
Each lending grace and soft confusion gay
Unto the dance.

(The dance of the Colors is presented by members of the girls' dancing classes in four groups. Soldania rejects the colors proffered by the dancers in the first three groups, but greets the Gold and Brown with enthusiasm.)

SOLDANIA:

Here falls my choice upon these Colors warm.
I'll wear them proudly; and on you, brave Knights
Bestow them as a token and a sign.
When in the rich fullness of the harvest year
Sweet Autumn comes enwrapped in colors warm
As if to guard against the cold to come
Upon the breath of winter white,
Loved Mother Nature sheds her garb of green
While in its stead she dons her joyous cloak
Of colors bright, and rich and full of joy.
The many fairy folk with magic wand
Do flit and dance among the forest glades
Assisting Nature in her yearly change;
They touch the countless, faded, weathered leaves,
Rejuvenating them in fresh warm hues.
So shall the mantle round my shoulders be
Graced with the colors of the ripened year—
Brown of the oak, and gold of maple tree,
These shall a mystic symbol be of hopes
And high ideals. Earth's lowly mould is brown,
And golden bright the stars. Our modest tasks
Of every day, the web-like threads of brown
Shall be. They're nothing strange; just homely acts
And kind, yet these are sweet when hearts beat high
And this, not less, is pictured by the gold.

(The episodes that follow are introduced in turn by the reader of the prologue who traces the school's history through its twenty years.)

The Dance of the Colors

MAROON AND GOLD

GREEN AND GOLD

BLUE AND TAN

HER SYMBOL IS A FLAMING TORCH PASSED ON

SCHOLASTIC ACHIEVEMENT

Sweet Scholarship is like a clear pure flame,
Fanned into being from the Mind, divine,
Fed and nourished with rich Wisdom's oil,
Illuminating worlds of Thought with light.
Her symbol is a flaming torch passed on
From hand to hand, tended and cherished by
Each one who, priv'leged, bears it but a step.
Its welfare is their common care. They tend
It with the zeal that true devotion brings.

PROCESSIONAL OF "THE TORCHBEARERS"

(Members of the Honor Society move in processional to the stage.)

HYMNUS: FESSI, VENITE

Fessi, venite ad Deum,
Et iam veneremur Eum.
Animas vestras levabit,
Omnes dolores iuvabit.

Extollamus voces nostras
Laudas canite his locis,
Et huc gratiis venite
Vocem pastoris audite.

Qui fecit caelum terramque
Qui dedit mare vitamque,
Libenter Eum laudemus,
Eum pie supplicemus.

MEMORIES OF THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY

Mid scenes of splendor, pomp and bright array,
Did Soldan's children join the World's acclaim
Of Avon's glorious bard, the silver-tongued,
The thousand-souled, whose lips Jove touched with fire.
Consummate in his art, without a peer
He fills the lives of men with joyous jest
In Comedy which like a cooling draught
Refreshes and delights the Spirit tired.
He points a moral thro' their tragic tale
Who sipped life's nectar from a poisoned cup.
He took the loves and hates of men, and with
His magic power made he such moving scenes
They sway all who behold, as does the wind
Upon a Summer's day, ripple the field
Of tassled stalks, heavy with golden corn.
Who has not laughed with him, or wept? Who has
Not loved the fertile garden of his mind?
Who has not joyed in his melodious verse?

(An excerpt from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is here presented by the Soldan Dramatic Guild.)

WAR-TIME MEMORIES

Another page of history we turn,
Then pause, those words of bravery to read
While memories proud before our minds are brought
Of bygone days and Soldan's warrior boys.
But as we gaze the words grow dim and fade
And from the mist before our eyes there comes
The vision of the sons of Gold and Brown.
A brightly burning fire they circle round,
And sing the strains of music soft and sweet
That seem at first quite far away, but then
The past is freshened in our memories,
The songs grow clearer, stronger, ere they cease.
Before us now again the page we see
And find that as the campfire burned and died,
For some the flame of life has burnt and died.
In Flanders Fields their hallowed dust, at Peace
Their Shining Souls. On honor's roll their names.
And though upon the shelf the book is placed
Within our hearts remain the thoughts of them,
The World's Great War and Soldan's Warrior Boys.
Peace donned War's ugly gear to strive with War;
She set her tramping feet against War's march,
Her armored columns 'gainst his thundering guns.

The khaki hid her white and spotless robes;
The bayonet replaced the olive branch.
O, Mystic Peace! How dear are those that stained
Thy Altars red with blood that Peace might come!
They have not died in vain! Their life-stream feeds,
Like holy oil, the high-held Lamp of Peace!

(Grouped in tableau around a campfire, boys and girls of the music clubs, in khaki and in the Red Cross Nurses' uniforms, render the war songs.)

MARCHING SONG

BOYS

We are the boys of Soldan
In khaki, blue and white;
We're going over "yonder"
For Uncle Sam to fight.
The Army and the Navy
And other branches, too,
Are calling for enlistments
'Neath the Red, White, and Blue.

We leave our books and studies
And friends and games and
sports;
We're training for the trenches
And the cannon's loud reports;
We leave our homes, our mothers,
And sweethearts, true and fair,
And we won't be returning
Till it's over, over there.

GIRLS

We are the girls of Soldan,
Our fame goes near and far;
We join the Red Cross unit
For the winning of the war;
We sacrifice our dainties,
We work the long day through,
So we can serve our country
'Neath the Red, White, and Blue.

We'll miss the boys in khaki;
For them we'll sew and knit;
And every girl in Soldan
Will do her little bit.
We'll send the boys our
"goodies",
Across the briny foam;
We'll Hooverize our sugar
Till the boys come marching
home.

CHORUS

We're boys and girls of Soldan,
In khaki, blue and white;
We're here to do our duty
To labor or to fight.
We'll serve at home and elsewhere
With Soldan spirit true;
Our Brown and Gold we'll mingle
With the Red, White, and Blue.

TO SOLDAN'S SONS

(Written in Memoriam, 1918.)

Youth! a keen edged sword, a gage,
A sounding bugle blown at morn,
A striking note of harmony,
A soaring, mounting hope just born.

'Tis youth that cares to live and love,
And youth that dares to fight and die;
'Tis youth that dares to tread the earth
With eyes that ever search the sky.

Truth! Honor! Freedom! Courtesy!
Our motto's flung! It gleams on high!
Its seeds are sown throughout the world
By those who, living well, so die.

Ah, lads, your lips were curved to sound
The note that blew the battle's call;
And shouts of sports have shaped those lips
And joy, and laughter over all.

You played and worked in school's short day,
Gained strength to face a broader world.
All Soldan joins in praise to thee,
To thee with banners half up-furled.

We sing to thee on valor's field,
We sing to memory hallowed halls,
We sing to standards raised aloft
That live, though earth's foundation falls.

Ye youths who sleep 'neath foreign skies,
The spring has come to us again;
Poppies in gracious beauty rise,
As hope within the souls of men.

Your spirit lives forever on,
Winds whisper softly o'er your mounds,
Your fame is writ in golden stars
And through eternity resounds.

SENIOR STUNTS AND REVELS

(Illustrated by members of the Senior Class in "Stunt Day" costumes.)

Time immemorial has glorified
The grace and beauty, joys and hopes of youth.
Paeans have sounded forth in loud acclaim
Of rarest pleasures found alone in youth.

But those who have thus tried to honor youth,
Through finished art of sculpture, music, verse,
Seem not to know that youth to youth does turn
To understand and glorify itself.
There is one day of gleeful play which comes
To Seniors only. When for a time these halls
Are thronged with "Stunt Day" apparitions
Come from another world before our time.
This is a day when pirates bold stroll through
Our corridors with ancient Celtic bards.
White chaste madonnas pause to speak to tall,
Fierce warriors of ancient Rome. Fair maids
Of Erin's Emerald Isle go tripping on
The light fantastic toe. King Arthur and
His favorite knight, the peerless Lancelot,
Fair Helen for her beauty famed is seen
With Galahad the pure; and Robin Hood,
The poor man's friend with haughty Guinevere.
Look sharply at the passing throng, and you
Will surely see your favorite of book
Or song enrolled in pleasant pageantry.

FEATS OF GRACE AND SKILL

Far off we hear the clamoring shouts of men,
Proclaiming loud achievements of their sons
In strength and skill, as, in Olympian Games
The Greeks would cheer their heroes on to fame.
So, Soldan boys, in modern games of strength,
Outstrip their rivals often in the race,
And then receive the honors with acclaim
Of fellow students' joyous cheers and shouts.

(Exhibition work by the boys' gymnastic clubs.)

THE MUSIC CLUBS IN OPERA

All hail to the Mikado! Thrice hath he,
With dainty toddling maidens sweetly shy,
Who sugared o'er their saucy impudence
To Yum-Yum and her lover, Nanki-Poo,
With sweetest melody that softly sank
Into our eager hearts, been welcomed here.
In gaudy robes, with fluttering fans, they came
In proud display, these youths of old Japan.

(Excerpt from the "Mikado," presented by the music clubs.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ATHLETES

THE MIKADO

TROPHIES OF VICTORY

(The school trophies are carried to the stage by members of the athletic teams, cheered in song by the entire school.)

March, march on down the field, fighting for Soldan!
Break through the Central line, their strength to defy!
We'll give a long cheer for Gold and Brown, we're here to win renown!
Central's team may fight to the end, but we will win!

THE FRUITS OF TWENTY YEARS—OUR GRADUATES

(Alumni pass in procession to the stage, each group under its class colors.)

What means this throng that comes and bows the knee
Before our Alma Mater's throne? Why sing
They thus melodious chants of praise and joy?
They are the noble progeny, the sons
And daughters of a mighty queen of schools,
Our Soldan. Forth to life's embattled charge
Of hapless fate, or triumph, have they gone.
Life beckoned to them with a gilded hand
And pointed to the untried paths ahead
With promise of great opportunity.
Though eager, with reluctance, wavered they
'Twixt backward glance to fleeting joys, to catch
The glimpse of things to be. Life's current now
Has borne them on to new achievements, hopes,
And aims. The joy of life, the urge is theirs,
But still the chords of memory vibrate
And draw them back to old familiar halls
To honor Alma Mater with their praise.

DANCE OF THE GOLD AND BROWN

The Strip

"Their Banners Still Inspire Us"

January, 1911..."To thine own self be true"
June, 1911 ....."Honor thy own word"
January, 1912..."Obey thy heart"
June, 1912....."Crede et vince"
January, 1913..."To be rather than to seem"
June, 1913....."Trouthe, Honour, Fredom, Curteisye"
January, 1914..."Truth conquers all things"
June, 1914....."Noblesse oblige"
January, 1915..."En avant"
June, 1915....."Speak in deeds"
January, 1916..."Seek higher things"
June, 1916....."Know thyself"
January, 1917..."Carpe diem"
June, 1917....."Semper paratus"
January, 1918..."Over the top"
June, 1918....."Carry on"
January, 1919..."Stand to"
June, 1919....."Victory"
January, 1920..."Never know defeat"
June, 1920....."Honor supreme"
January, 1921..."Aim high"
June, 1921....."Character"
January, 1922..."Curteisye"
June, 1922....."Loyalty"
January, 1923..."Achievement"
June, 1923....."Sincerity"
January, 1924..."Quand Meme"
June, 1924....."Honour"
January, 1925..."Service"
June, 1925....."Fellowship"
January, 1926..."Nobility"
June, 1926....."Valour"
January, 1927..."Persevere"
June, 1927....."Ad astra"
January, 1928..."Facta non verba"
June, 1928....."Virtute et veritate"
January, 1929..."Summum bonum"
June, 1929....."Gnothi seauton"

Soldan Faculty

ADMINISTRATION

H. P. Stellwagen, Principal
Ben H. Barr, Assistant Principal
Allie N. Rasmusson, Dean of Girls
Leslie W. Lyon

ENGLISH

Grace Adams
Ruth Beck
Alma L. Burneson
M. M. Cameron
Jennie F. Chase
Marguerite George
Jessie W. Jeffrey
Helen Constance Koch
Hildah Levy
Minnie McGrew
Charles R. Mann
Leonora C. Nagle
Francis F. Patrick
Amelia M. Racy
Gertrude Shryock
Elsie Ueberle
Grace V. Wilson
Leah R. C. Yoffie

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R. E. Butcher
Anne M. Evans
A. J. Gummersheimer
Joanna M. Hoolan
Lottie M. Huff
T. H. MacQueary
Ethel L. Mills
E. J. Mathie
Marguerite Mott
Helen T. Rowan
Floyd D. Welch

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Helen D. S. McDonald
Saidee E. Nelson
Clara Dell Parks
Raymond G. Polster
Susan Sherry
Ida E. Stallings
W. R. Vickroy
Ruth Zacher

ANCIENT LANGUAGES

Nellie Cunningham
Anna E. Hickey
W. R. Layer
Anne R. Waney

MODERN LANGUAGES

Lois Bogle
Leigh Harris
Valdimir Kanazireff
Mariano Miguelez Maya
Caroline Moreell
Laura C. Mueller
Edith C. Symington
Winnie Timmons
Jennie Willemsen

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Wm. Hein
Nellie Judd
A. O. Kelley
Frank O. Kruh
Ralph A. Lenig
Leslie W. Lyon
L. R. Mapes
Katherine Pfeifer
Raymond G. Polster
Alvina Raebel
Bertha A. Voit

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Florence Hazeltine
Mary A. McColl
Mary Elizabeth Souther

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Mary E. Jeffords
Margaret T. Lynch

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James F. Cook
Geo. O. McClellan
Fred C. McEachron
Harley E. Olson
Harold E. Spross

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Thomas I. Allen
Louise W. Brown
Mary F. Calnane
Mabel Easterbrook
J. H. Herwig
Lilian L. Hogan
F. N. Hussey
Helen D. S. McDonald
Alma Marine
Oral W. Seipp
P. L. Stavseth

MUSIC

Marie A. Ernst
M. Teresa Finn
Wm. John Hall

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Dorothy Baldwin
William A. Gerber
Blanche G. Higgins
Dr. O. M. Koenig
Gertrude Lucas
A. H. Plag
Charlotte Roos
Harry R. White

HYGIENE

Louise C. Dierson
Dr. Katherine Schaaf
Dr. F. J. Sullivan

OFFICE ASSISTANTS

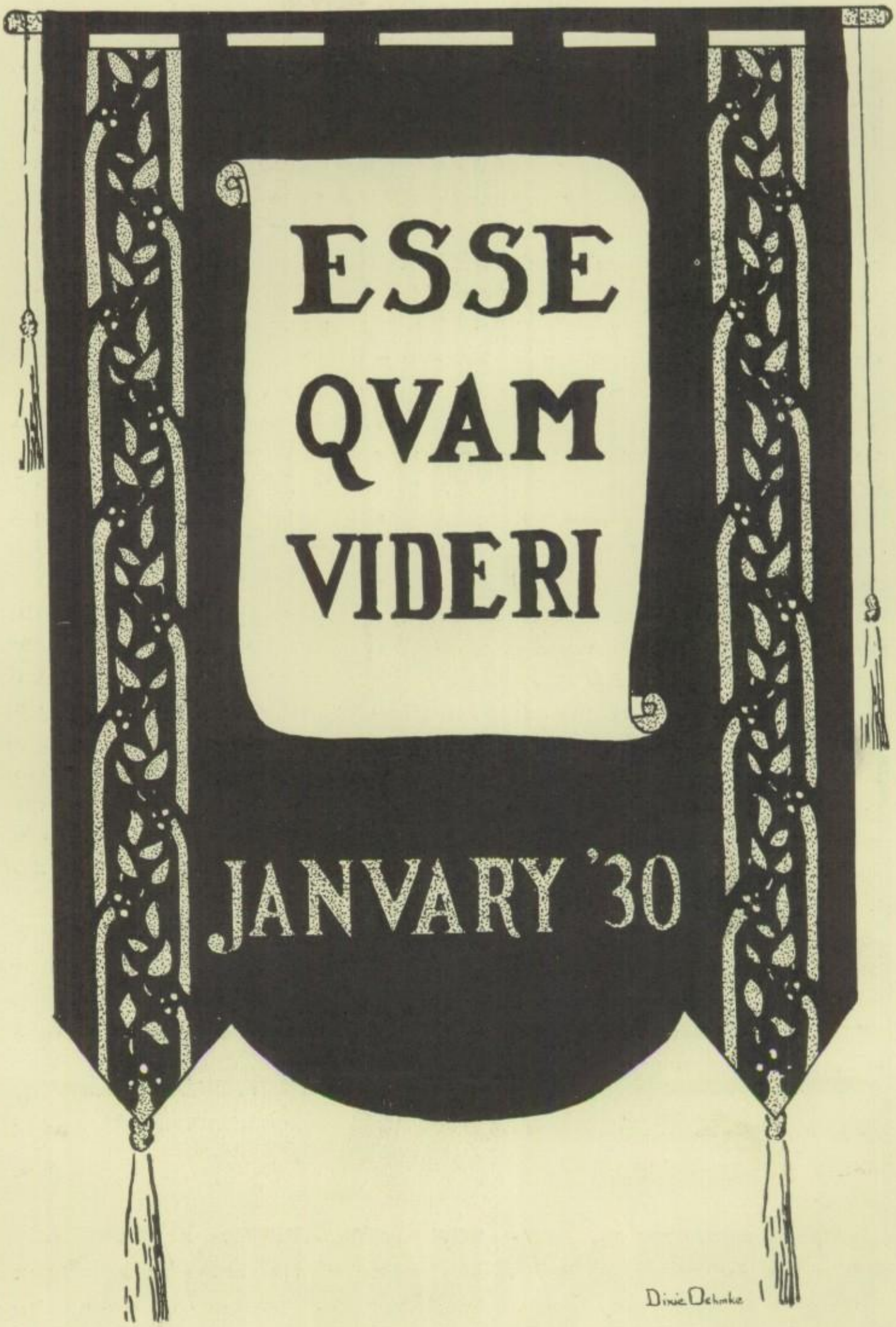
Caroline Anderson
Dorothy Caplan
Effie C. Ramsay

LUNCH ROOM

May I. Bouton

FACULTY

SENIORS


ESSE
QVAM
VIDERI
JANVARY '30
Dixie Dekmke

The Spirit of Virgil Lives Today

THIS year the citizens of Mantua will declare a holiday to all the world. There will be music, song, poetry, and pageantry among the Mantuans. If you should stop any man, woman, or little child in the streets of that ancient Italian city on the fifteenth day of October and ask, "Why this joy? Why this revelry?" you would be greeted with a smile of pity and pride, for not to know that this is the celebration of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of the greatest Mantuan, Publius Vergilius Maro, is like not knowing who chopped down a certain cherry tree, or who was born in a certain house in Stratford-on-Avon.

Not only will there be a celebration in Mantua, but the whole literary world will proclaim the birth of that illustrious and outstanding Roman. Classical teachers and lovers of the classics, too, will take a Vergilian pilgrimage and an Æneid cruise. It will be a great opportunity for those who study and know the *Aeneid* to take this voyage which will follow as closely as possible the route of Æneas through the Mediterranean.

Vergil lived at the time when the Republic had fallen and the Roman Empire was founded—the Augustan Age. It was then that the literary productions of the Latin race were at their height. Vergil was the chief figure of that group. Vergil looked into the past and also into the future. He gave expression to the past of his nation; he anticipated and even helped to create the future. He was the prophet of the Roman Empire and later he was accepted as the herald of spiritual Rome. When he had finished his great work, and not until then, according to the belief of the early Christian church, the time had come for the birth of Christ.

Let us now consider the poems of Vergil that have made his name everlasting. These are the two pastoral poems: the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics,* and his masterpiece, the *Aeneid.* With the *Eclogues,* Vergil instilled a new humanism in the decadent Latin poetry. His *Georgics* did much to inspire the people to better the condition of agriculture. In the *Georgics* his descriptions of nature, the fields, the streams, the birds and the bees, have a stateliness which one finds in Milton and a magic interest found in Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other English poets.

The *Aeneid* had many purposes and it may be studied from many avenues of approach. It was to be a national epic, embodying the pageant of Roman history and at the same time connecting Rome with Italy and linking Rome with Greek civilization. Vergil died before he had fulfilled his purpose. The poem as it comes to us is not complete,

yet it is an epic of all civilization and humanity. Vergil becomes not only the voice of Rome, but the poet and prophet of mankind.

Vergil is not merely a prince of poets; he is one of the makers and founders of the English language. Practically every great work of English literature is indebted in some way to Vergil. Many of the English poets have worked laboriously in translating Vergil's poems. Why? So that they might the more be influenced by Vergil and Vergilianism, which is an element in their own poetry.

There is one thing which to Vergil was of supreme importance, the necessity of which he saw in the eighteen years preceding the battle of Actium, which resembled in a great degree the tragic experience of the World War. This is the love of human beings for all nature and for their own human kind; the human kind which was to him throbbing with life and affection and full of love for his fellow men. Through the ages it is this which has endeared Vergil to thousands of readers who have felt the central inner glow of that human affection and the pulse of that great soul.

Vergil can come to us in an even richer way, if we go out to him. He can mingle in our lives and become a part of what we feel and what we are. He can be someone to call on when we need an example of courage to sustain us against sorrow. He can help us when we are threatened, when we are defeated. He can give us an example of the love and comradeship that can be between father and son. He can be an example to men who follow their leader through desperate seas and in hostile lands. He can tell us how a man can obey, as Æneas did, a great divine will that calls him away from worldly pleasurers.

Mankind is above all human and it needs humanism and the sense of truth, beauty, and joy to fulfill its mission in life. Art is the gift of joy; Vergil is one of the greatest artists because through his poems Vergil is the embodiment of simple piety, reverence, patriotism, the purity of the home, the joy of children's love, and above all the spiritual note as heard in the fourth Eclogue:

"Tu modo nascenti puero,
Ac toto surget geas aurea mundo fave."

"Only do thou smile on the birth of the child and a golden race will spring up throughout the world." Or in modern English, "A little child shall lead the world into righteousness and peace."

Dorothy Zadow, January, '30.

(This speech was given at the graduation exercises of the class of January 1930 to commemorate the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Vergil from whose poem, the *Aeneid*, the motto was selected.)

Sponsors and Officers of the Class of June, 1930

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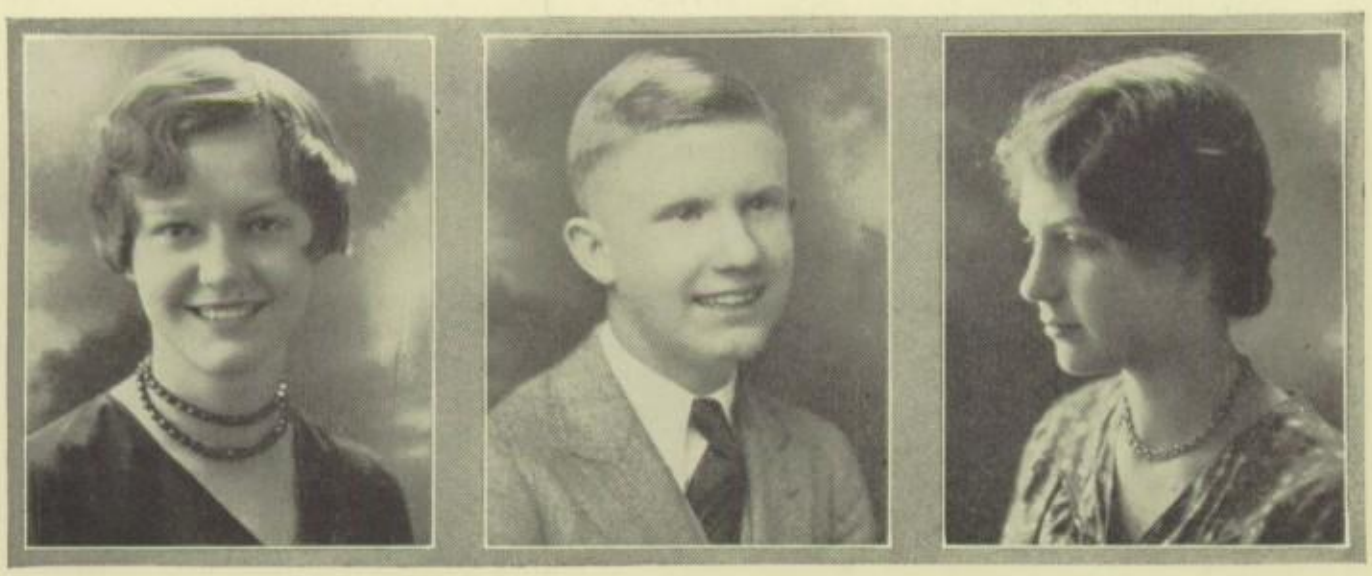
Sponsor

MISS HELEN KOCH
Sponsor

KENNETH BENNETT
President



CLAUDIA MELVILLE
Secretary

WALDO SMITH
Treasurer

GRACE CROWE
Vice-President

KENNETH McCONNELL BENNETT

"None but himself can be his parallel in worth."

Senior President. Honor Society. Pickering Club, President, '29. Scrippage Staff, '29. Auditorium Chairman. Chess Club, Treasurer, '30. Classical Club. Triple S. Service Club. Senior Class Day Committee.

CLAUDIA D. MELVILLE

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

Senior Secretary. Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Archery Club. Triple S. Senior Class Day Committee.

GRACE CROWE

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Senior Vice-President. Honor Society. Agora: Vice-President, '28; President, '29. Chaminade. Service Club. Dramatic Guild: Treasurer, '28; President, '30. Pageant, "Soldania." Triple S, President, '30. "Come Out of the Kitchen." Senior Class Day Committee.

WALDO WOODROW SMITH

"Get money, still get money, boy,
No matter by what means, get money."

Senior Treasurer. Honor Society, President. Scrippage Staff, Business Manager. Orchestra, President, '29. Agora. Track. Auditorium Chairman. Triple S. Senior Committees: Finance, Class Day, Social.

EARL A. BLANKENMEISTER

"The force of his own merits makes his way."

Glee Club, Secretary, '29. Band, Treasurer, '29. Service Club. Dramatic Guild, Treasurer, '29. Craft Club, President, '27. Triple S. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

ETHEL LAWSON JONES

"Exceedingly well read."

Honor Society. Chaminade, Secretary, '29. Writers' Club. Service Club. Classical Club. Triple S.

MILDRED MARIAN BROIDA

"She is the mirror of all courtesy."

Service Club. Spanish Club.

NADELINE ROTHMAN

"She is as gentle as a zephyr."

Service Club. French Club. Art Club.

VIOLA E. MUENCH

"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

Honor Society. G. A. A. Agora. Classical Club. Senior Motto Committee, Chairman.

ERNEST C. REA, JR.

"Trained for either camp or court."

Glee Club.

ADALINE TEITELBAUM

"Her face is smiling and her voice is sweet."

Service Club. Spanish Club.

SELMA LOUISE ROSENBERGER

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."

Honor Society. Scrip Staff, '28. Service Club. Senior Finance Committee.

MILTON JASPER

"He was quiet in manner, observant, and always at hand when wanted."

Chemistry Club. Glee Club. Service Club.

DORTHY S. WEINER

"The poetry of speech."

Honor Society. Scrippage Staff. Round Table. Chaminade. Service Club.

GERTRUDE BERTHA LANDESMAN

"They're only truly great, who're truly good."

Honor Society. Round Table, President, '29. Service Club. Triple S. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

LOREN FRANCIS BLANEY

"Ireland must be Heaven, for I came from there."

Rostrum. Service Club. Classical Club. Chemistry Club. Glee Club. "Mikado." Agora. Triple S, Vice-President, '29. Gym Club. Golf Club. Senior Motto Committee.

MILDRED DOWELL

"Twinkling eyes that bespeak a pleasant nature."

Agora.

ANNA RAY FITCH

"True in word, and tried in deed."

Chaminade, President, '29. "Iolanthe." "Mikado." Triple S, Secretary, '29. Art Club. Golf Club. Senior Banner Committee.

CARL GALLOP

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Service Club. Pickering Club.

LEONA BERMAN

"Seeing only what is fair."

HELEN ELIZABETH FRANKEL

"Those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

VIRGINIA BEYER

"Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

Service Club.

DIXIE OEHMKE

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Dramatic Guild. Pickering Club. Triple S. G. A. A. Senior Banner Committee, Chairman. Senior Class Day Committee.

SAUL S. POLLACK

"Worry kills men—why die?"

HENRY STEWART KRUG, JR.

"For the rain it raineth every day."

Baseball Squad.

CECILIA ROSSIER

"As merry as the day is long."

Agora. Service Club.

SYLVIA R. COHEN

"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair:
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Honor Society. Athenæum, Vice-President, '29. Service Club. Agora. Triple S.

MARTHA ELVIRA BROWN

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Service Club.

MARY AUGUSTA DOROTHY BOROUGHF

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."

Honor Society. Chaminade. "Mikado." G. A. A. Triple S. Service Club.

JAMES ERNEST KELLY

"One cannot estimate what there is in a quiet fellow."

Stamp Club.

MARGARET I. POST

"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

Honor Society. Chaminade. Chemistry Club. Service Club. G. A. A. Triple S.

IDA A. FENDELMAN

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Honor Society. Chaminade. "Mikado." Service Club.

FRANK M. CATANZARO

"The integrity of a man is to be measured by his conduct."

Glee Club. Service Club. Classical Club.

MAY HOLMES

"A rhapsody of words."

Honor Society. Washington University Scholarship. Agora. Spanish Club, President. Senior Class Song. Scripp Staff, '28. Service Club. Round Table. Writers' Club. Triple S.

LOIS CATHERINE GEISSEL

"But so fair, she takes the breath of men away."

JOSEPH DAVID FLAUM

"A thoughtful, dependable chap."

MARY ELIZABETH LOGAN

"A very active miss is she
As bright and as gay as she can be."

Triple S. Archery Club. G. A. A., Vice-President, '28; President, '29. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

RUTH ROBERTA BROWN

"And learn the luxury of doing good."

Senior Banner Committee.

WILLIAM M. SHINE

"A progeny of learning."

Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Auditorium Chairman.

LILA BONNER

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

Classical Club. Chaminade. "Mikado." Senior Banner Committee.

KATHERINE HELLWIG

"She was good as she was fair."

G. A. A.

HELEN BERNEICE DOWNEY

"The magic of a face."

Chaminade: Treasurer, '27; Vice-President, '28; President, '28. "Iolanthe." "Mikado." Triple S.

DOROTHY MAE COMPTON

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

Honor Society. Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Agora. Chaminade. Senior Social Committee.

RICHARD JOSEPH BROWN

"Silence sweeter is than speech."

BENJAMIN H. REESE

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em."

Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Basketball, '29, '30.

SARAH ANNETTE LOVE

"Happy am I; from care I am free."

IDA M. FELDMAN

"In service there is no contention."

Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Triple S. G. A. A.

MILDRED ELIZABETH PATTON

"Constancy, thou art a jewel."

VICTORIA BLOCK

"Modest, quiet, and sweet—would there were more like her."

Service Club. Agora.

ARTHUR KROPP

"Growth is the evidence of life."

ROSALIE HOCHSTEIN

"Begone, dull care, thou and I can never agree."

Service Club.

DOROTHY R. ZADOW

"Is not true leisure, one with true toil?"

Honor Socety. Round Table, Treasurer, '29. Service Club. Chemistry Club. Agora. Classical Club, Program Chairman, '29. Senior Motto Committee.

RALPH HIRSCH

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Service Club. Cheer Leader. Gym Club.

JOSEPHINE KLEIN

"A quiet and likeable girl."

Service Club.

DENA COHEN

"Follow your honest convictions and be strong."

Service Club. Agora. G. A. A.

IRVIN ROODMAN

"Doubt whom you will but never yourself."

Spanish Club. Service Club. Agora.

MARJORY DAHL DOUGHERTY

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

BERNICE RADER

"'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true."

Orchestra. Service Club.

NOBLE D. SANFORD

"Better not to be at all than not to be noble."

Band. Craft Club, Vice-President, '27. Chemistry Club. Radio Club. Service Club. Triple S.

ANITA MARTHA SEIFERT

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Honor Society. Chaminade. "Mikado." Scrippage Staff. Service Club. Triple S.

HATTIE F. ETTINGER

"O never say that I was false of heart."

G. A. A. Triple S.

HELEN MARIE BRAMSCH

"I have immortal longings in me."

Honor Society. Scrippage Staff. Service Club. Chaminade. G. A. A. Camp Fire Girls. Senior Social Committee.

DOROTHY LOUISE DILLON

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

Triple S. Senior Banner Committee.

SAM SAWOLKIN

"I'm not afraid of work, but not in sympathy with it."

HERBERT MEREDITH ROSS

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

Service Club.

GRACE EMILIE ELLIOTT

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

Service Club. Dramatic Guild. French Club. Art Club. Chaminade, Secretary, '30. "Mikado." Triple S. Senior Banner Committee. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

MARY ELIZABETH BEYER

"She is pretty to work with and witty to talk with."

VIRGINIA LAURA GILES

"Small in stature; great in worth."

Round Table. Writers' Club. Service Club. French Club. Triple S. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

HARRIET JANE SILBERMAN

"No pleasure endures unless seasoned by variety."

French Club.

EDWARD S. HAMMER

"He was ever precise in promise keeping."

Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Track. Senior Banner Committee.

DORIS A. JOHANNINGMEIER

"All the virtues seemed in her combined."

MELBA ELWOOD SPRAGUE

"The light that lies in woman's eyes."

Senior Stunt Day Committee.

FLOYD CHAPMAN

"A proper man, as we shall see on a summer's day."

Service Club. Golf Club. Triple S.

ORLINE HELEN LANG

"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast."

Senior Banner Committee.

DOROTHY LOUISE KORSCHGEN

"Thoughtless of beauty, she is beauty's self."

G. A. A. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

FRANK EISENBERG

"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?"

HENRY CLAY HOPEWELL, II

"I never dare to write as funny as I can."

Scrippage: News Editor; Editor-in-Chief. Service Club. Agora. Triple S.

RUTH EDITH STEINER

"All that is beautiful shall abide."

CHARLEEN MARGARET POWER

"Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eyes."

Dancing Club.

MARK M. EVANS, Jr.

"Sir, I would rather be right than be President."

Honor Society. Service Club. Glee Club. Agora. Senior Social Committee.

RICHARD SURVAUNT

"I know a trick worth two of that."

Gym Club. Cheer Leader, '28, '29. Botany Club. Agora. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

MARGARET MARY CALLAHAN

"'Tis the mind that shines in every grace."

Scrippage Staff. Spanish Club, Vice-President, '28, '29. Triple S. Agora. G. A. A.

RUTH REILLY

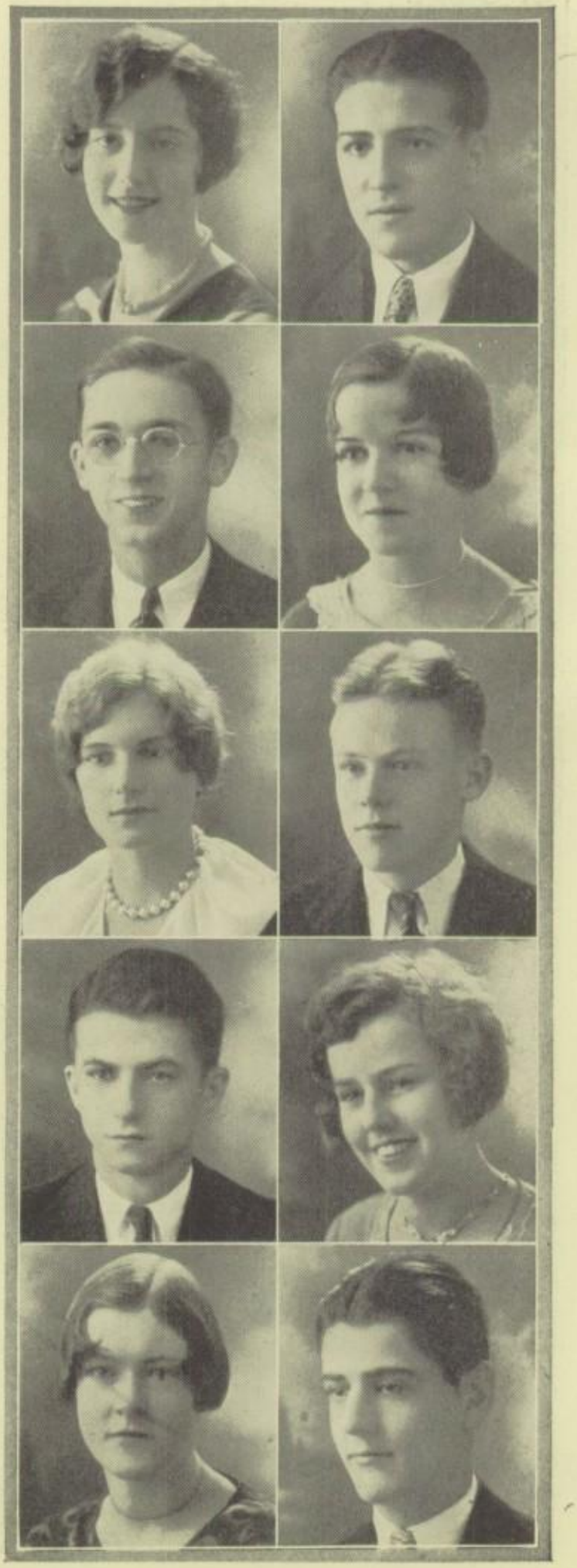
"Where worth and charm combine."

Spanish Club. Pickering Club. Triple S.

WILLIAM M. LIVINGSTON

"A man of science and labor overcomes all obstacles."

Chemistry Club, President, '29. Camera Club, President, '29. Service Club. Glee Club, Treasurer, '29. Triple S.



MAX SALNIKER
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."
Chemistry Club. Agora. Rostrum. Service Club.

GLADYS REARDON
"Joy ruled her day."
Service Club.

DOROTHY M. BEARDSLEY
"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

ISADORE HERSHENHORN
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

JEFFERSON FRANKLIN JONES
"And why should life all labor be."
Glee Club.

EMILY LUMSDEN FIELD
"Here's metal more attractive."
Chaminade. "Iolanthe."

LOIS ANDREWS
"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."
Service Club.

JOHN MORTIMER KING
"Constancy is his crowning quality."
Gym Club.

WILBUR GLUCK
"He is precisely what he seems to be."

MURIEL JONAS
"A striking appearance, with a more striking personality."
Chaminade. Service Club. Triple S.

SYLVIA POLLOCK

"Quiet, modest, pretty, and sweet,
As any girl you'd care to meet!"

G. A. A. Spanish Club.

ROBERT FREDERICK WILLIAMS

"Handsome is as handsome does."

Glee Club. "Mikado." Band. Senior Stunt Day Committee. Triple S.

JULIUS MARCUS MAYER

"For I am nothing if not critical!"

Debating Team, '28-29. Rostrum, Vice-President, '28. Chemistry Club.

AUGUSTA R. KRAVITZ

"With words we govern men."

Service Club. Triple S.

WANDA BEAUTONNE SNOW

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

JOHN CALVIN WHALEY

"I'll not budge an inch."

Band, President, '29. Botany Club. Agora. Triple S. Service Club. Stamp Club. Spanish Club. Craft Club, Treasurer, '28.

NOAH HYKINS

"What's done is done."

Orchestra.

FRANCES VRADA BELLE LOHMANN

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Honor Society. Class Song. Music. Agora. Chaminade. Chemistry Club. Triple S. Service Club. G. A. A. Senior Class Day Committee.

DOROTHY L. PALANS

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Chaminade. "Mikado." Service Club. G. A. A.

ISADORE KLEG

"A boy of spirit and resource."

Handball Club.

ANTHONY ROSSO

"A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit."

Art Club. Pickering Club. Gym Club.

LILLIAN E. BENTZINGER

"The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought."

Chaminade. "Mikado." Service Club.

GLADYS E. FREEMAN

"Livelier than a lark."

G. A. A., Vice-President, '28. Soldan "S". Camp Fire Girls.

CHARLES DANIEL TANZER

"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."

Honor Society, Treasurer. Spanish Club, Secretary, '29. Service Club. Agora. Pickering Club. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

JOE LIPSCHUTZ

"The greater the obstacle, the more glory in overcoming it."

MARTHA FAYE SMITH

"A sweet content
Passing all wisdom or its fairest flower."

Camp Fire Girls.

MILDA ANN CLUCAS

"Her air, her manner, all who saw, admired."

Dancing Club. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

GODFREY HARTNETT

"The less there is learned, the less there is to forget."

Football, '29. Tennis Team, '28.

LOUIS SINGER

"The victory of success is half-won when one gains the habit of work."

Band. Service Club.

GOLDYE LEE NOTOWITZ

"Would we had the words
To say the nice things we think."

Spanish Club. "Come Out of the Kitchen."

The Strip

ARLENE C. CALLON
"Is she not passing fair?"
Chaminade. "Mikado." Service Club.

BILL B. MATHES
"Men of few words are the best men."
Honor Society. Agora. Service Club. Chemistry Club. Spanish Club. Triple S.

OTTO H. FENNER
"A man never bold, of spirits, still and quiet."
Service Club.

EVELYN JAFFE
"There buds the promise of celestial worth."
Service Club.

M. ANITA EUDALEY
"Elegant as simplicity, and warm as ecstasy."
French Club.

FRANK C. MATTESON
"I fear no power woman wields."

MORRIS MILLER
"What passion can not music raise and quell?"
Band, Student Leader. Pickering Club. Brass Sextette. Orchestra. Triple S.

MURIEL MAVONA UPTON
"How airy her manner!"
Chaminade. G. A. A. Triple S.

LUCILLE FRANCES GEORGE
"Patience is the keynote of contentment."
Service Club. Triple S.

SAMUEL H. RADINSKY
"A studious young gentleman."
Orchestra. Triple S.

ALLEN KOHL HARRIS

"There's no need of rushing. Life's short enough."

Golf Club, Treasurer, '29.

DOROTHY JANE FRANKEL

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

Service Club.

RUTH SAIFER

"Beauty seen is never lost."

Service Club.

JACK HUNTER

"He looks upon the funny side of life."

Honor Society. Agora. Dramatic Guild, Vice-President, '29. Stamp Club. Golf Club. Triple S.

EDMUND A. SCHNEIDER

"He who is honest is noble."

Service Club. Football, '28, '29.

IDA COHEN

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

HELEN V. SOTTILE

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

MEYER S. STEINBERG

"I am a determined character; that's what I am."

JACK M. BACHMAN

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Agora. Service Club. Spanish Club. Triple S.

SARAH KATZ

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Service Club. G. A. A. Spanish Club. Triple S.

DOROTHY ANN MOON

"A heart within whose sacred cell,
The peaceful virtues love to dwell."

Round Table: Treasurer, '27; Secretary, '28. Service Club.

FRED SACKS

"The best humored man."

Tennis, Captain, '29.

ARTHUR MEYER

"Every man is a volume if you know how to read him."

TILLIE ZORENSKY

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

Service Club. Triple S. G. A. A.

LOIS VIRGINIA STORER

"Of quiet ways but brightest thoughts."

Honor Society. Round Table: Secretary, '29; Treasurer, '28. Agora. Service Club. Triple S. French Club. Senior Finance Committee. Classical Club.

JACK ELLIS

"His time is forever, everywhere his place."

Honor Society. Service Club. Triple S. Chemistry Club. Spanish Club.

LATHROP B. COMPTON

"A truly chivalrous knight in all he does."

Writers' Club. Gym Club, Treasurer, '29 Senior Stunt Day Committee.

CECILE J. FULD

"My treasures are my friends."

Service Club. Chaminade, Vice-President, '29. "Iolanthe." "Mikado." Art Club. Triple S. Chemistry Club, Treasurer, '29. Senior Social Committee.

MARIE IRENE STEINBERG

"Wearing all that weight of learning like a flower."

Service Club. Chemistry Club. Triple S.

EDWARD MILLER

"He's not extremely tall but neither was Napoleon."

Agora.

RUSSELL W. SEXTON

"Speaks little, says much."

ESTELLE K. SEIDEL

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Spanish Club. Service Club. Triple S.

KATHRYN FORT MULVEY

"Bye and bye is easily said"

Art Club. Triple S.

RALPH D. STOKES

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Glee Club. Service Club.

WILLIAM HARRISON BRAY, JR.

"Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much."

Football, '27, '28, '29. Glee Club, President, '29. Senior Stunt Day Committee.

ELLEN JANE FREUND

"Born to success she seems."

Writers' Club. Round Table. Classical Club. Service Club. French Club. Triple S.

MERLE COHN

"Efficient, modest, and well liked."

Athenæum. French Club. Service Club. Art Club.

HARRY A. DIEHL

"An all round good fellow, a friend sincere and true."

EDWARD JENNINGS BECKER

"Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?"

Football, '27, '28, '29; Captain, '29. Service Club. Boxing and Wrestling Club.

IRMA CATHERINE SMITH

"Upon thy path proceed in virtue."

Service Club.

LEWIS E. LITTMANN

"Words, words, words."

Service Club. Glee Club. Chemistry Club.

SOPHIE E. SCHWEICH

"Treasure's not a friend, but a friend's a treasure."

Honor Society. "Mikado." Service Club. Round Table. Chemistry Club.

BESSIE URISMAN

"Delays have dangerous ends."

Service Club. Pickering Club. French Club.

AUREALUS RICHARD JUSTUS

"Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."

LOUIS R. PUTZEL

"He holds firm as a chain of steel."

Service Club.

ELIZABETH GROVER

"The type of silent success."

Camp Fire Girls, Secretary, '29, '30.

JULIUS D. GALLANT

"Make haste; the better foot before."

Basketball Manager.

BERTHA POLINSKY

"She hath worked nobly."

Service Club. Triple S.

RUTH NORMAN

"Glance her many twinkling feet."

Chaminade. Classical Club. Fleur de Lis. Triple S.

MORRIS BERMAN

"He plies undaunted."

Service Club. Boxing and Wrestling Club.

WALTER BUELL MILLER
"Ever possessed with common sense, ever ready to use it."

MARY SPEAR
"I hate definitions."

MARY VIRGINIA HAYES
"To be good is to be happy."
Art Club. Triple S.

MORRIS PEARLMUTTER
"You can never have a greater or less dominion than over yourself."
Service Club. Senior Banner Committee.

SAMUEL SCHULTZ
"A man with fiery zeal."
Chemistry Club. Camera Club. Scrippage. Service Club. Triple S.

MILDRED KLEIN
"She smiled, and the shadows departed."

HANNAH PASSEN
"Ease, with dignity."
Scrippage Staff. Triple S.

ROBERT J. CALLAHAN
"On their own merits, modest men are silent."
Service Club.

VANCE WRIGHT
"For courage mounteth with occasion."
Football.

LEE MARION DOYLE
"Always gentle, soft-voiced, and quiet with friends sincere."

OPAL BILLIE FITZSIMMONS
"I know a maiden fair to see."
Agora. Chaminade. "Mikado." "Iolanthe."

HERMAN SCHAEFER
"A man of few words."

JEANNETTE COHEN
"'Tis folly to be wise."

ROSE MARIE SMITH
"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."
G. A. A. Camp Fire Girls.

DANIEL GILBERT HOLLANDER
"He aspires to heights unseen."
Chemistry Club, Vice-President, '29. Glee Club. "Mikado."

BARNEY COSNECK
"What I will, I will, and there's an end."
Wrestling and Boxing Club. Gym Club.

GLENN HICKS
"My sentence is for open war."
Track. Football, '29.

ROBERT E. JOYCE
"His bark is worse than his bite."
Basketball Team, '28; Captain, '29. Football Team, '27-'28. Senior Stunt Day Committee. Handball.

SAM LINDER
"We are born to do benefits."

HARRY MINKEY
"The game is up."
Boxing and Wrestling Club. Track. Agora. Football.

LOUIS H. REICH
"'Twas good advice and meant, my son, Be good."
Philatelic Society, President, '29.

NATHAN NEWMAN
"I haven't created any very surprising sensation here yet."
"Mikado." Glee Club.

MARY LOUISE ROTH
"We would and we would not."

JAMES ROBB SAMUEL
"If I don't think well of myself, who will?"

GUY C. SHAW
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

ABE R. TREIMAN
"I dote on his very absence."
Dramatic Guild. Debating Team. Rostrum: Vice-President, '27; Secretary, '26

Senior Class Song

(Words by May Holmes; Music by Frances Vrada Belle Lohmann)

Proudly hail we Alma Mater,
Worthy she of all our praise;
She has taught us, she has led us
Through the brightest of life's days.
May we joyous ever sing,
May the praises ever ring
Of Soldan, Alma Mater.

May we be, as she has taught us;
May we live, as she is living,
Lives of eager, willing service,
Not in getting, but in giving;
May defeat we never see;
May we ever worthy be
Of Soldan, Alma Mater.

To be, not just to seem to be,
Through our lives be this our aim,
To follow "Esse quam videri",
Fairly thus to play life's game.
Truth, Honor, Freedom, Courtesy,
May we ever faithful be
To these, and Alma Mater.

Sponsors and Officers
Class of June, 1930

FRANK WILLIAM SWANN, II
Treasurer

ELIZABETH GILBERT
Vice-President

DAVID COOK
President

MISS RUTH ZACHER
Sponsor

MR. FLOYD WELCH
Sponsor

VIRGINIA JENNETTE OLDS
Secretary

FRANK WILLIAM SWANN, II

"Save money."

Senior Class Treasurer. Honor Society. Service Club. Spanish Club, Treasurer, '28, '29. Lunch Auditorium Chairman. Student Athletic Representative. Track Team, '29, '30, Manager, '30. Basketball Team, '29, '30.

ELIZABETH GILBERT

"She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty."

Senior Class Vice-President. Service Club. Scrip Staff. Agora. Round Table, Treasurer, '30. G. A. A. Classical Club.

DAVID COOK

"His limbs were cast of manly mould.
For hardy sports or contest bold."

Senior Class President. Honor Society. Football, Captain, '29. Basketball, Captain, '29, '30. Track Team, Captain, '28, '29, '30. Service Club. Lunch Auditorium Chairman.

VIRGINIA JENNETTE OLDS

"For her own person,
It beggar'd all description."

Senior Class Secretary. Honor Society. Service Club. Dramatic Guild, President, '30.

ABE J. GALLANT

"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

Honor Society, Treasurer. Debating Team. Rostrum, President, '29. Dramatic Guild, Vice-President, '30. Service Club, President, '30. Chemistry Club. Classical Club.

BEA PRATER

"A star laughed, and under it she was born."

Spanish Club. Senior Committees: Picture, Banner.

THOMAS P. CASS, JR.

"Stately and tall he moves in the hall, The chief of a thousand for grace."

Glee Club. Basketball. Senior Social Committee.

SUE WHITEHEAD

"The perfection of art is to conceal art."

Honor Society. Service Club. Scrip Staff, Editor-in-chief. G. A. A., Secretary-Treasurer. '29. Agora. Round Table: Sergeant-at-arms, '28; Vice-President, '29; President, '30. Senior Committees: Motto, Chairman; Banner, Chairman.

JAMES E. VASEY

"I would live the same life over if I had to live again."

Glee Club. "Mikado." Service Club. Senior Social Committee.

ALICE CARRIE BENNETT

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Scrip Typist.

WILLIAM JONES

"Victory is a thing of the will."

Football, '29. Basketball, '29, '30.

CAROLYN E. FOX

"Sweet as the primrose."

Service Club. Chemistry Club. Triple S. Scrip Typist.

HENRY LUEDDE

"His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind."

Honor Society. Glee Club. "Mikado." Service Club. Track Team, '29. Senior Picture Committee, Chairman.

FRANCES MARIAN TEETERS

"Fair as a star."

Chaminade. "Mikado." G. A. A. Round Table, Vice-President, '30. Senior Finance Committee.

MARJORIE MAYFIELD

"There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship."

Honor Society. Service Club. Archery Club. Senior Motto Committee.

RALPH B. SWAIN

"I love not Man the less, but Nature more."

Honor Society. Soldan Botanical Club, President, '29, '30. Scrip Staff. Writers' Club. Service Club. Senior Motto Committee. Senior Quotation Committee.

HELEN KLEIN

"There buds the promise of celestial youth."

Service Club. Scrip Typist.

WALTER E. SCHEER

"To see is to know; to will is to be able; to dare is to have."

Honor Society, President, '30. Scrippage Staff, Editor-in-chief, '30. Lunch Auditorium Chairman. Glee Club. "Mikado." Two Year Scholarship Seal. Chess and Checker Club. Service Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

JOY SKINNER

"She hath a way to charm all hearts."

Honor Society. Service Club, Secretary, '30. Round Table: Vice-President, '29, Program Chairman, '30. Classical Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '30. Senior Social Committee.

CHARLES SILVERBERG

"Wit and wisdom are born with a man."

Honor Society. Agora. Scrip Staff. Classical Club, President, '29, '30. Rostrum. Chemistry Club. Service Club. Senior Motto Committee.

ADELE E. KROENLEIN

"Such a grace sheds itself through the face."

Honor Society, Vice-President, '30. Service Club. G. A. A. Chaminade, President, '29-'30. "Mikado." Dramatic Guild. Triple S. Senior Finance Committee.

GEORGE NEFF WHITE

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Agora.

MARY HELEN LOVATA

"I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend."

Service Club. French Club. Scrip Typist. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

HAROLD WELCH

"Many a genius has been slow of growth."

Honor Society. Agora, President, '29. Band: President, '29; Student Leader, '30. Orchestra. Brass Sextette. Scrip Staff. Service Club. Senior Song Committee, Chairman.

BEN BROUSTER

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Tennis Team, '28, '29, Captain, '28.

JEAN EDEN

"And she is fair, and fairer than that word."

Service Club. Senior Social Committee.

HARRY LYNN WEIER

"He knew what is what."

Triple S, President, '29, '30. Band. Brass Sextette. Botanical Club, Vice-President, '30. Chemical Club.

ELIZABETH LEE DEMING

"To see her is to love her."

Service Club.

NORMAN ROSENFELD

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Service Club. French Club, Secretary, '30. Golf Club. Glee Club.

NELLE COLLEEN KIRKPATRICK

"Sweet Heavenly love, which dost array thyself in smiles."

Service Club. Round Table, Secretary. Classical Club. Triple S. Senior Motto Committee. Senior Quotation Committee.

FREDERICK HELFESRIEDER

"High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Honor Society. Agora. Service Club. Chemistry Club. Radio Club, Librarian Senior Bank Cashier.

DORA HALL

"Those blue violets, her eyes."

Chaminade.

RICHARD BRYAN

"Nor fame slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all."

Service Club. Band. Senior Banner Committee.

DIANA OLIAN

"As gay as a linnet."

Chaminade. Art Club. Senior Committees: Song, Quotation.

MARY ELIZABETH LOCKART

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

Service Club. Agora.

FULLERTON W. LUEDDE

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare."

Honor Society. Glee Club, Vice-President, '30. "Mikado." Service Club. Track Team, '29. Senior Social Committee, Chairman.

HELEN AUDREY TURNER

"Art is the right hand of Nature."

DICK B. WHITEHEAD

"There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!"

Agora. Glee Club.

DOROTHY RHODIUS

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair."

Service Club. Senior Ring Committee.

FRANK H. BAUMANN, Jr.

"He that is courteous at all,
Will be courteous to all."

ORLEANNA GOTTSBERGER

"A merry heart goes all the day."

HUGH ANDERSON

"Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency and still excel."

Honor Society. Agora. Service Club, Vice-President, '30. Stamp Club. Gym Club.

JANE SYMONS

"A face with gladness overspread!"

Dramatic Guild, Treasurer, '30. Chaminade. Orchestra.

KEITH WALKER

"Nature created him, then broke the mould."

Scrippage Staff. Agora, Vice-President. Glee Club. Gym Club. Baseball Team, '29. Basketball Team, '29, '30.

SIDNEY LITTMANN

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Service Club. Craft Club. Chess Club, Treasurer, '29.

HELEN DOSS

"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."

IRVING HIAT

"Politeness costs nothing, and gains everything."

ROBERTA SCHWARTZ

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Archery Club. G. A. A. Senior Social Committee.

CLARENCE ROBYN

"Man by thinking only becomes truly man."

Chess Club. Pickering Club. Camera Club. Triple S.

LUCILLE JORDAN

"She was more fair than words can say."

JACK HUTSON

"Play up! play up! and play the game."

Golf Club: Secretary, '26; President, '27. Golf Team, Captain, '28, '29.

RUTH HAZEL SOLOMON

"Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius."

Chemistry Club. Junior Chaminade, Treasurer. Chaminade. G. A. A. Triple S. Senior Picture Committee.

WILLIAM ROBINOWITZ

"Why should life all labor be?"

Football, '29. Track Team, '29.

JEANE KAUFMAN

"Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."

Service Club. Agora. Chaminade.

FLORENCE R. WISE

"For she excels all women in the magic of her locks."

Service Club. French Club, Vice-President, '29-'30. German Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '29-'30. Triple S. Senior Committees: Pin, Chairman; Program, Chairman.

HARRY NADLER

"Music hath charms."

Senior Song Committee.

BERTHA VERA RICHMAN

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Service Club. Chaminade. "Mikado." French Club, Scrippage Representative. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

ROBERT MAUTZ

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Agora. Basketball. Track, '27, '29.

VIRGINIA JANE McCORMICK

"Eyes so transparent,
That through them one sees the soul."

G. A. A. Botanical Club, Treasurer, '29-'30.

WILLIAM E. RIED

"He did with cheerful will, what others talked of while their hands were still."

Agora. Chemistry Club, Librarian, '30.

ELLA RYAN

"A joke's a very serious thing."

Agora.

BERNARD PASSER

"Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds."

Basketball Team, '29, '30.

AUDREY KITTEL

"Nature, when she had formed this maiden fair,
Destroyed the model, to the world's despair."

Spanish Club.

ROBERT KINGSLAND

"Speech is great; but silence is greater."

Honor Society. Service Club.

MILTON FERMAN
"A man polished to the nails."

ESTHER WYLOGE
"Art is power."

ROLAND SEDGWICK
"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west."

VIRGINIA PLATT
"A perfect woman, nobly planned."
French Club.

ALBERT STEINBAUM
"Be glad, and your friends are many."
Service Club. Glee Club. Dramatic Guild. Senior Banner Committee.

JANIS IRNA MARX
"Amazing brightness, purity, and truth."
Service Club. German Club. Triple S. Senior Ring Committee.

HAROLD C. RICHTER
"Such splendid purpose in his eyes."
Service Club.

VERA HENNERICH
"The rose is fairest when budding new."

MAURICE TUCKER
"It shall not me dismay."
Pickering Club, President, '30. Orchestra. Service Club.

FRANCES HELEN SCHROLL
"Sunny hair and eyes of wonder."

ANNABEL DRAZEN

"Full of sweet indifference."

Honor Society. Service Club. Triple S. Spanish Club. Chemistry Club, Secretary.

HARRY BENNETT

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour."

SEVA JUNITA ROBERTS

"One who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time."

Triple S.

HARRY MEISENBERG

"A ready wit and tongue."

VIOLA HANSEN

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Service Club.

CLAUDE BEARDSLEE

"Young and dapper, debonair."

Golf Club, Vice-President.

ADELE GREENE

"A good intention clothes itself with sudden power."

Service Club. Agora.

WALLACE LEE OLIVER

"The gods looked with favour upon superior courage."

Debating Team. Service Club. Rostrum.

FENTLOUISE FREWER

"A face with gladness overspread!"

Service Club.

FRED E. MAETTEN

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

Scrippage Staff, Sports Editor. Service Club, Treasurer. Debating Team. Rostrum. Chess Club, Vice-President. Triple S. German Club.

SHEPARD ARBETTER

"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!"

LOIS MARIE SIELING

"I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as hers."

Archery Club.

MARCUS BROWN

"He was not merely a chip off the old block, but the old block itself."

Agora. Boxing and Wrestling Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

ELMA SHACKNOVITZ

"The very flower of youth."

Service Club. Agora. French Club.

ALLEN CHARLTON

"The measure of life is not length, but honesty."

BERNICE BEATRICE KLEIN

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow."

Triple S.

JOSEPH HOFFMAN

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Service Club. Orchestra, Treasurer, '29. "Iolanthe." "Mikado."

IDA E. KOMM

"Naturalness is the seal of genius."

Service Club. Orchestra. Triple S.

ADOLPH PEPER

"A man of courage is also full of faith."

DOROTHY J. EPSTEIN

"Type of the wise, who soar but never roam."

Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Triple S, Vice-President. Spanish Club. Athenæum. Senior Quotation Committee.

IDA MAY VAIL
"In action how like an angel!"

HYMAN SILVERBERG
"The deed I intend is great
But what, as yet, I know not."

DORIS MAE FLINN
"Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen."
Spanish Club.

ROBERT GARDINER
"The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it."
Glee Club. "Mikado." Troubadours. Senior Banner Committee.

EDNA CHRISTOPHER
"I live for those who love me
And the good that I can do."

WILLIAM ROBARDS
"Thou art laughing and scorning."
Agora. Band, Librarian, '28.

KATHERINE FISHER
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

VICTOR FRANK
"What's the use of worrying?"
Craft Club: President, '29; Vice-President, '28; Secretary, '29.

CLARA BELLE KELPE
"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed."
Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. G. A. A.

RALPH SOULE
"I live in the crowds of jollity."
Cheer Leader, '29, '30.

RALPH SILVERMAN
"Young fellows will be young fellows."

HELEN LOGAN
"A true friend is forever a friend."
Service Club. Agora. G. A. A., Vice-President. Senior Banner Committee.

PAUL SANGBY PATTON
"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
Agora. Craft Club. Rostrum.

ANGIE LOUISE HORSTKAMP
"Well fitted in arts."
Honor Society. Service Club. Agora. Senior Quotation Committee.

WILLIAM VICTOR THESING
"Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn."

DOROTHY SCHOMAKER
"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

WALTER W. STOCKMANN
"I feel an army in my fist."

BERNICE A. PATRICK
"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

MARTIN GOLDMAN
"You will never be forgotten."

VIOLET SCAMELL
"Violet! sweet violet!"
Music Appreciation Club.

NORMA FRANCK

"On woman Nature did bestow two eyes."

CHARLES A. DEXHEIMER

"I am increasingly misunderstood."

CLARA ANN JAMIESON

"One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success."

German Club. G. A. A.

REX LOUIS BECKER

"Never elated when one man's oppress'd
Never dejected while another's bless'd."

Honor Society. Agora. Service Club. Craft Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '30.

ANNA NATHANSON

"Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives."

Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Spanish Club. Art Club. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

JAMES CATLIN

"I will maintain it before the whole world."

Track, '28.

RUTH BLOCK

"She's all my fancy painted her."

Service Club. Triple S.

MAX LIBRACH

"That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

Service Club. Track Team, '28, '29, '30. Senior Ring Committee.

EVELYN McCUE

"A noble woman is a storehouse of virtue."

Service Club. Spanish Club.

RUPERT MAYBACH

"I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

HARRY HAFFERKAMP

"Appear to know only this,—never to fail or fall."

Agora. Service Club.

FLORA COHEN

"Man has his will,—but woman has her way."

Service Club.

GEORGE EHRHARD DROSTEN

"He was ever precise in promise keeping."

Honor Society. Agora. Craft Club: President, '28; Vice-President, '28; Treasurer, '29. Radio Club. Service Club.

BERNICE PRICE

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

Agora. Senior Banner Committee.

HARRY PERCY

"My own thoughts are my companions."

Senior Quotation Committee.

MARIE EDNA BOYLE

"I must be going down-hill when I find my work equals my aspiration."

Chaminade.

JOHN GARTON

"Your noble heart is filled with fire."

ELSIE GOLLUB

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

Service Club, Executive Committee, '30. Athenæum: Secretary, '29; Vice-President, '30. French Club. Triple S, Program Chairman.

FREDERICK K. GOOD

"A mighty voice invokes thee."

Radio Club. Chemistry Club.

GLADYS M. ALLISON

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax."

Agora. G. A. A. Art Club.

BEULAH BOSSERMAN

"Her voice was ever low and sweet,
An excellent thing in woman."

Agora. Triple S. Chaminade. "Mikado." Chemistry Club.

F. PAGE HARDAWAY, JR.

"No question is ever settled until it is settled right."

GERTRUDE APPELMAN

"And even the wise are merry of tongue."

AARON HOFFMAN

"Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Football, '29.

MARGARET SCHAUFERT

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Spanish Club. "Mikado." G. A. A.: Secretary, '29; President, '29. Soldan "S". Missouri "M". Chaminade, Vice-President, '30. Triple S. "Iolanthe." Archery Club, Treasurer. Senior Song Committee.

ERWIN SOMOGYI

"A youth light-hearted and content."

Chemistry Club.

YETTA ZAMEL

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence."

Spanish Club. Triple S. Senior Motto Committee.

MARTIN SHEETS

"A little spark produces a great flame."

Glee Club. Band. Golf Club.

LUCILE BIRD HAY

"As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute."

Orchestra, Secretary, '29, '30. Chaminade.

ROBERT MASS

"Genius can never despise labour."

Honor Society. Chemistry Club, President, '30.

THOMAS A. ATTWOOD

"The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men."

Honor Society. Agora, Secretary, '28. Service Club. Craft Club, President, '30.

BESSIE FRANK

"Rich in good works."

Service Club. Triple S.

DANIEL WEISSMAN

"He who stands firm full many a mile shall climb."

DOROTHY EVELYN BEHRENS

"A mind alert, a spirit gay."

Service Club. Chemistry Club. German Club. Triple S. Art Club.

THOMPSON P. PETTES

"I'll snap my fingers at the earth."

RUTH BURSTEIN

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."

Honor Society. Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Triple S. Spanish Club. Senior Finance Committee.

MARION McDERMOTT

"I am not a good orator in my own cause."

Glee Club. Chess Club, President, '29, '30. Senior Quotation Committee.

FRANCES LEWIS

"And feel that I am happier than I know."

Spanish Club.

HARRY KAMIL

"Hard he laboured, long and well."

Scrippage Staff. Band. Triple S, Treasurer, '30.

EMILY MASON

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy soul must know."

Chaminade. Chemistry Club. Senior Song Committee.

JESSALYN CAIRNS

"Earth's noblest thing,—a woman perfected."

ISADORE DAVIS

"Knowledge is Power."

Orchestra. Rostrum - Webster Debate. Service Club. Triple S. Spanish Club, President, '30. Senior Finance Committee.

MARIE K. BAKER

"Her mind adorned with virtues manifold."

Honor Society. Chaminade. Agora.

RAYMOND LEE

"A penny for your thoughts."

IRENE WILSON

"Thy fair hair my heart enchained."

Agora.

THEODORE KRISHTALKA

"The statesman's brain that swayed the past."

Chemistry Club. Chess Club. Senior Picture Committee.

RUTH K. RAU

"An upright mind is master of the body."

Honor Society. Service Club. G. A. A.

HOWARD SCHWANDER

"A self-made man? Yes!"

RUTH CHERRICK

"Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates it."

Triple S. Spanish Club.

ROBERT REGER

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body."

Glee Club.

ALEX W. SMITH
"Of none he stood in awe."

ALBERTA B. BARTH
"She was a phantom of delight."

SAM SCHACHTER
"Rome was not built in a day."
Agora. Service Club.

ANNA ASH
"The many fail, the one succeeds."

GEORGE HERBST
"His heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth."
Glee Club. "Mikado." Chemistry Club. Gym Club.

FRANCES CAMPIONE
"A daughter of the gods."

JESSE BERNS
"In native worth and honor clad."
Agora. German Club, Vice-President. Chemistry Club.

KATHLEEN PRESBERG
"Life is to be fortified by many friendships."

JOSEPH C. HODGES, JR.
"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."
Senior Finance Committee.

ROSE HELIGMAN
"Coquetry is the essential characteristic, and the prevalent humor of woman."

MERLE HOLTHAUS

"From the looks—not the lips is the soul reflected."

JEROME SPECTOR

"Diamond cut diamond."

Service Club. Glee Club, Radio Club. Senior Social Committee. Chemistry Club.

SADIE FINGERHUT

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."

Service Club. German Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

ELLIOT GILLERMAN

"I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do."

Agora. Service Club. Debating Team. Chemistry Club. Rostrum. Pickering Club. Craft Club.

JUNE SACHAR

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

MARSHALL MATTESON

"I count not the votes of the fickle mob."

Service Club. Camera Club.

DELLA WOLFF

"Who can enjoy alone?"

LOUIS COHEN

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

ALICE BERESE

"The kindest eyes that look on you, Without a thought disloyal."

Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Triple S. Art Club. Spanish Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

RALPH BEYNON

"Nobility is the one only virtue."

SAM WEBER

"Good will is the mightiest practical force in the universe."

Scrippage Staff. Service Club. Agora. Glee Club. Classical Club, Vice-President, '29, '30. Rostrum. Triple S.

ETHEL DIETZ

"Her manners were unaffected, frank and winning."

Service Club.

EUGENE VICTOR HENSCHEL

"The best you get is an even break."

Service Club. Chemistry Club. Boxing and Wrestling Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '29.

DELLA McGINNIS

"The sweetest garlands to the sweetest maid."

WILBUR SHANKLAND

"All things are easy to industry."

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN CHAPPELL

"A witty beauty is a power."

Service Club. Art Club. Senior Committees: Picture, Banner.

EUGENE TAYLOR

"The atrocious crime of being a young man."

Camera Club. French Club.

MILDRED CREIGHTON

"Womanly modesty and filial duty."

Senior Banner Committee.

GILBERT LUBO

"Every one who does the best he can is a hero."

Service Club.

JEANETTE SCHILLER

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

MINNIE PESSIKOFF

"Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings."

Service Club. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

MAURICE E. OLSON

"I hold my duty as I hold my soul."

GENEVIEVE WEISMAN

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Spanish Club. Pickering Club. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

ZELIG CORNBLEET

"Well timed silence has more eloquence than speech."

Chess Club.

LILLIAN STARNES

"Her hair was thick with many a curl."

JOSEPH LEDERMAN

"There buds the promise of celestial worth."

Honor Society. Scrippage Staff. Service Club. Triple S. German Club, President, '29. Chemistry Club. Senior Motto Committee.

DEVON JONES

"And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

GEORGE H. BOYER

"He reads much;
He is a great observer."

Dramatic Guild.

MARY ABER

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

ARVEL FRANZ

"He quickens into deeds."

Philatelic Society, Vice-President. Chemistry Club.

DAVE T. COHEN

"He possessed a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever he said or did."

Chess Club. Boxing and Wrestling Club.

HELEN AGNES MALLON

"Health that mocks the doctor's rules."

G. A. A.

MARTIN STOLAR

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

BESSIE GOODMAN

"Few things are impossible to diligence."

Honor Society. Service Club, Executive Committee. Agora. Triple S. Spanish Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

JACK J. COHEN

"The work is done and well done."

Glee Club. Chemistry Club. Triple S.

DORTHEA D. CRAIG

"A smile of hers was like an act of grace."

Service Club. G. A. A. Senior Social Committee.

ALBERT C. RIEDELL, JR.

"There is no fear in him."

BLANCHE M. HEYMAN

"Zealous, yet modest."

MELVIN LESTER HERTZMAN

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

Honor Society. Service Club. Scrippage Staff. Debating Team. Rostrum: Vice-President, '30; Secretary, '29. Craft Club.

BESSIE E. GALE

"My heart is like a singing bird."

RUTH MARIE MINARD
"Blushing is the colour of virtue."
French Club.

ARNOLD SINGER
"If you have truth to utter, speak!"
Band. Rostrum.

CLAIRE O'NEILL
"A sweet attractive kind of grace."
Service Club. Camp Fire Girls' Club, Treasurer, '29, '30.

ROBERT R. RICHTER
"Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole."

MILDRED HIRSH
"And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck."
Service Club. Agora. Round Table. German Club. French Club. Art Club. Senior Committees: Quotation, Picture.

GENE YOUNG
"Pour the full tide of eloquence along
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong."
Glee Club. "Mikado." Troubadours.

PAULINE ALLEN
"As patient and still,
And as full of good will."

BERNARD PHILLIP OFNER
"Observe the opportunity."
Honor Society. Agora, Vice-President. Glee Club. Service Club. Gym Club, Literary Editor.

ROSE ANN WEISMAN
"Sometimes from her eyes I did receive
fair speechless messages."
Service Club. Chaminade. Triple S. Spanish Club.

MORRIS MOSCOWITZ
"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number of steps."

ISADORE COHEN

"Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven."

FRANCES ST. CLAIR

"Beautiful eyes are those that show Beautiful thoughts that burn below."

Service Club. G. A. A. Soldan "S". Chaminade.

RUSSELL McCLELLAN

"And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous."

Band.

ANTOINETTE BELLA SHRIBER

"There is no knowledge that is not power."

Agora. French Club.

OTTO H. TUBBESING

"All men mean well."

Gym Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '30.

AGNES KOUBA

"And her yes, once said to you Shall be yes for evermore."

E. ISADORE LUGGER

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

EMILY DAVEY

"She smiled, and the shadows departed."

MAURICE V. SANDHOFER

"A wise man never loses anything if he has himself."

Honor Society. Service Club. Gym Club.

DELPHINE M. RICHARDS

"Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!"

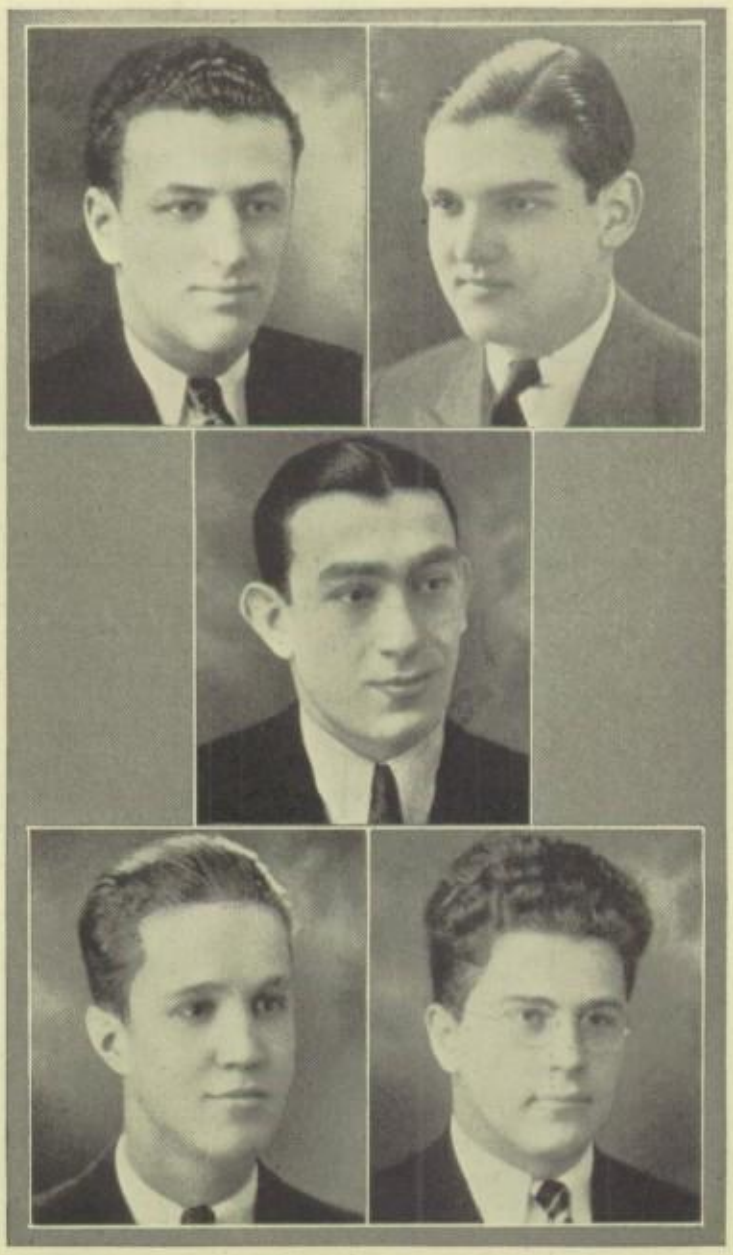
I. LEON FILLER
"My tendency is to philosophize."
Glee Club. Service Club. "Mikado." "Iolanthe."

CARR CABANNE LINK
"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."
Scrip Staff, Student Advertising Manager. Football, '29. Glee Club.

MORRIS L. WOLFF
"All human power is a compound of patience and time."
Chemistry Club. Gym Club. German Club, Vice-President, '29.

JOSEPH B. RUEBEL
"Careless of fortune's smile or frown."

WRAY CLARK
"You will swim without help."
Radio Club.



CLIFFORD BARNES
"An honest man's word is as good as his bond."

IONE DELORE BLAYLOCK
"Each mind has its own method."

DON BOCKHORST
"Genteel in personage."

GOLDIE JACOBS
"Knowledge is more than diligence and skill."

TERRY POE
"I tell thee, be not rash."

IRVING POZNANSKI
"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

NAT ROSENTHAL
"Great souls are harmonious."
Orchestra.

BESSIE MEYER

AUDREY INMAN

HERMAN SHAPIRO

RAYMOND MATTEUZZI

HAROLD EHRLICH

JOSEPHINE GROGAN

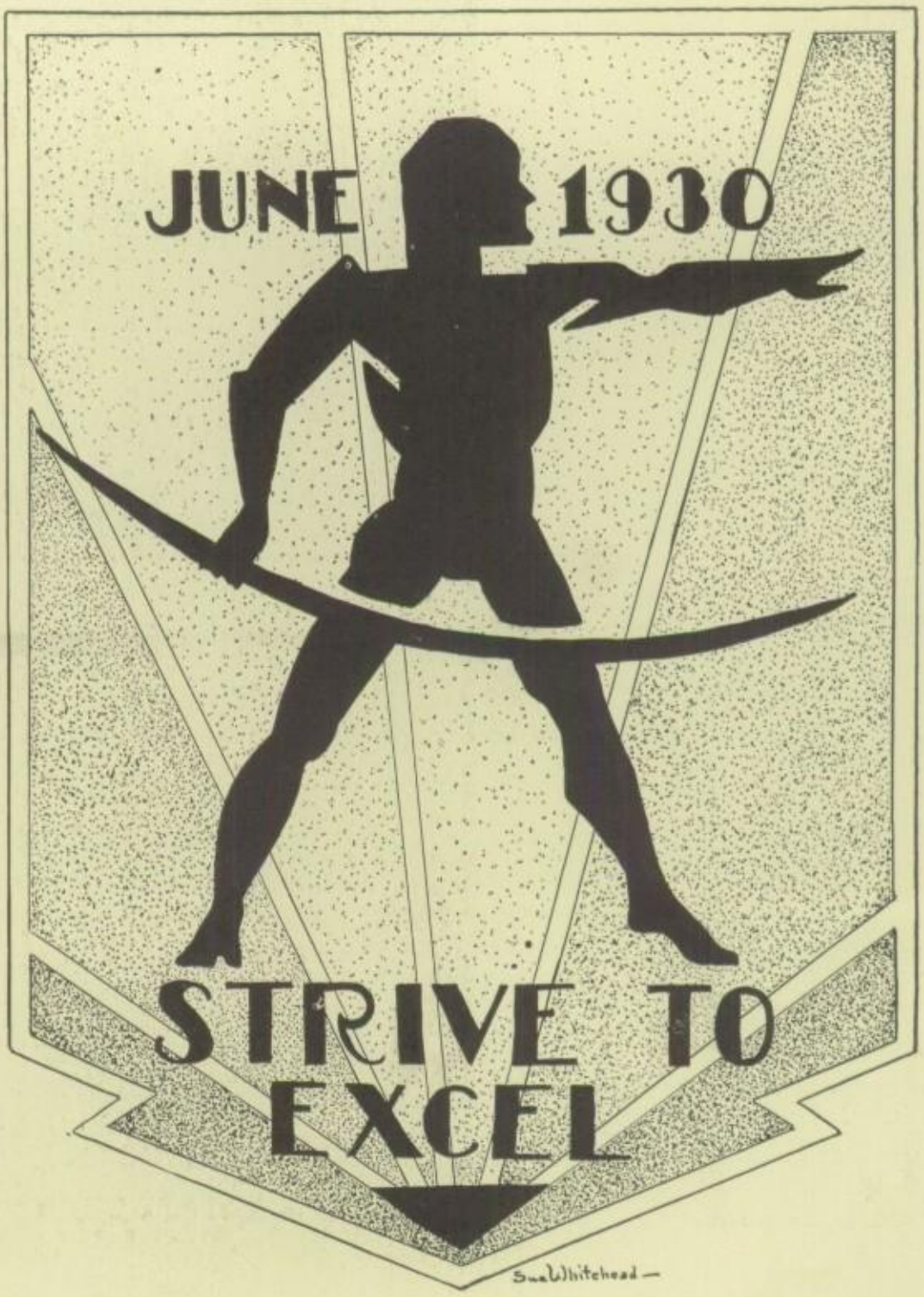
EDWARD SPRAGUE, JR.

Class Song—June, 1930

(*Words by Diana Olian; Music by Harry Nadler*)

Today, with hearts uplifted,
We pledge ourselves to thee,
The school that has inspired us
To thoughts of loyalty.
Each day within thy hallways,
Our hearts have felt thy spell,
Urging us on to greatness;
Ever we strive to excel.

Oh Trouthe, and Honour, and Fredom,
And knightly Curteisye,
Ever shall we keep them
Our highest aims to be:
To strive, to excel, our effort.
Though narrow and steep the way,
Upward and onward forever
Is the pledge we make today.



Summer School Seniors

SOPHIE APPEL

"All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action."

Spanish Club. Triple S.

MORRIS MADDEN

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

Orchestra. Senior Ring Committee.

ETHEL GOLDSTEIN

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

French Club. Triple S.

HARRIS GREGG

"In him alone 'twas natural to please."

GERTRUDE M. RUSSLER

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

G. A. A.

PHILIP FOX

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

GENEVIEVE LUETHMER

"For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds."

German Club.

CHARLES BAKER

"From affectation free."

Golf Club.

ARNOLD COHEN

"He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call."

Agora, '28. Band. Boxing and Wrestling.

ALVIN SEGELBOHM

"But in his duty, prompt at every call."

Chemistry Club. Debating Team. Radio Club. Aero Club.

HARVEY GLATSTEIN

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

Radio Club, Vice-President, '28, '29; President, '30.

MARY LOUISE THOMAS

"Any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best."

BERNARD GROSS

"A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade."

Golf Club, Treasurer. Boxing and Wrestling Club.

BESSIE MEDOFF

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?"

Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

ELDOUGH BRAUN

"What e'er he did was done with so much ease."

LOIS HINTON

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Chaminade. G. A. A. Senior Banner Committee.

ECHOLS RUSSELL

"Bid me discourse and I'll enchant thine ears."

MILDRED N. BUTCHER

"There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty."

ALBERT ALPER

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

FAGIE EPSTEIN

"Such joy ambition finds."

Service Club. German Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

MARY EVALYN CAMPBELL

"A marvel of bloom and grace!"

Dramatic Guild.

RAYMOND V. ANSELL

"And you must put me in your heart for a friend."

Glee Club. Chemistry Club. Gym Club. Troubadours.

MARY ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic;
And so do I."

G. A. A. Chemistry Club. Chaminade.

JERRE MANNING

"All that man was and all he hopes to be."

Camera Club, President, '30. Senior Picture Committee.

DOROTHY FRIEBERGER

"Man says what he knows
Woman what she pleases."

Agora. Chemistry Club. Senior Quotation Committee.

SWAIN DURFIELD

"And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd."

Glee Club. "Mikado." Troubadours. Senior Banner Committee.

DOROTHY ISABELLE WEISSMAN

"Whose words all ears took captive."

Athenæum. Triple S. Senior Quotation Committee.

ARCHIE McDANIEL

"Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign."

Agora. Band: President, '30; Vice-President, '29; Student Leader, '30. Orchestra, Vice-President, '30. Glee Club. Brass Sextette. Senior Song Committee. Troubadours.

LUCILE DERINGTON

"The modest blush that speaks, yet says no word."

ABE S. ROVAK

"In music he is noted for his skill."

Orchestra: President, '30; Vice-President, '29; Librarian, '28. "Iolanthe." "Mikado." Senior Song Committee.

WILBERT SIESENNOP

"None but the brave deserves the fair."

Baseball, '29, '30; Captain, '30. Football, '29.

PAULINE AMOS

"A dashing damsel, gay and pert."

G. A. A.

RICHARD G. JONES

"My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

ANNA SCHREIBER

"Do not delay: the golden moments fly."

Honor Society. Service Club. Athenæum. Triple S.

LOUIS MENKE

"I was born to other things."

Band.

DOROTHY DEANE

"She in beauty,
Holds hands with any princess."

G. A. A. Spanish Club. Senior Social Committee.

CHARLES R. CASPAR

"A healthy hatred of scoundrels."

IDA MEDOFF

"A good reputation is more valuable than money."

French Club. Art Club. Triple S.

WILLIAM G. SLONIM

"A mind at peace with all below."

Writers' Club. Scrippage Staff. Philatelic Society, Secretary, '29.

OTIS CRAVER

"Life indeed must be measured by thought and action, not time."

Agora.

LEONARD RADUNSKY
"Love truth, but pardon error."

SAM SCHNIDMAN
"He preferred to be good, rather than to seem so."
Radio Club. Chemistry Club.

MARGARET WARMATH
"She has a voice of gladness."

FRED BEELER
"Deeds cannot die."

GILLETTE F. WRIGHT
"A very noble youth."

ISADORE BERGER
"And gladly wolde he lerne."

EDWARD BOYD
"He that respects himself is safe from others."

FRANKLIN COPANAS
"There's no such word as fail."

MARION EPSTEIN
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

ADELL FRUEHAUF
"In friendship I early was taught to believe."

RUSSELL GOODRICH
"All things come to him who hustles while he waits."

HENRY HAFNER
"Lead we not here a jolly life?"

RICHARD NICOL
"Fortune comes well to all that comes not late."
Band. Orchestra.

NANCY CHENAULT PRICE
"A girl of such delicate grace."
Dramatic Guild. Senior Quotation Committee.

TOM RITTER
"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."

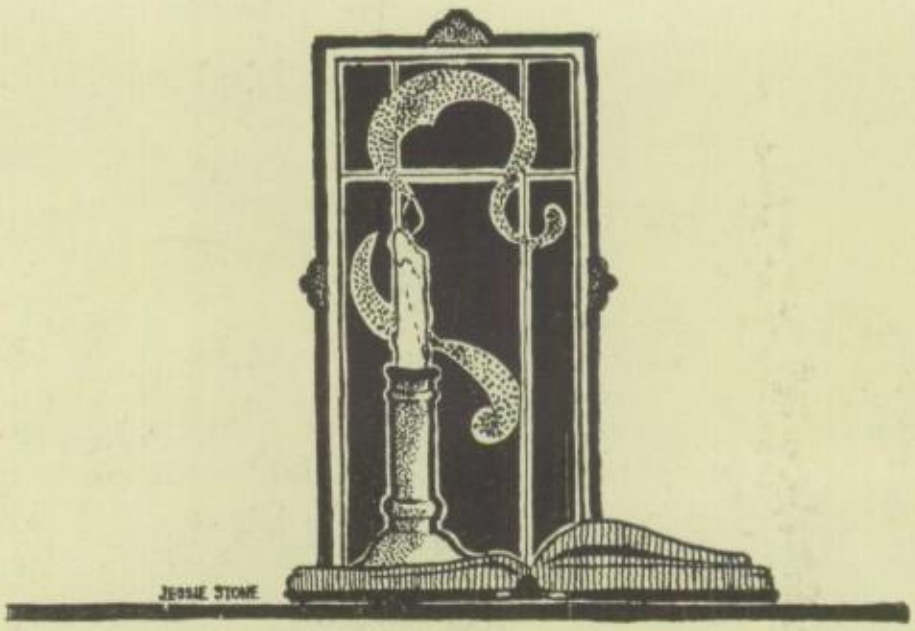
CHARLES SANFORD
"No one who really has knowledge fails to practice it."

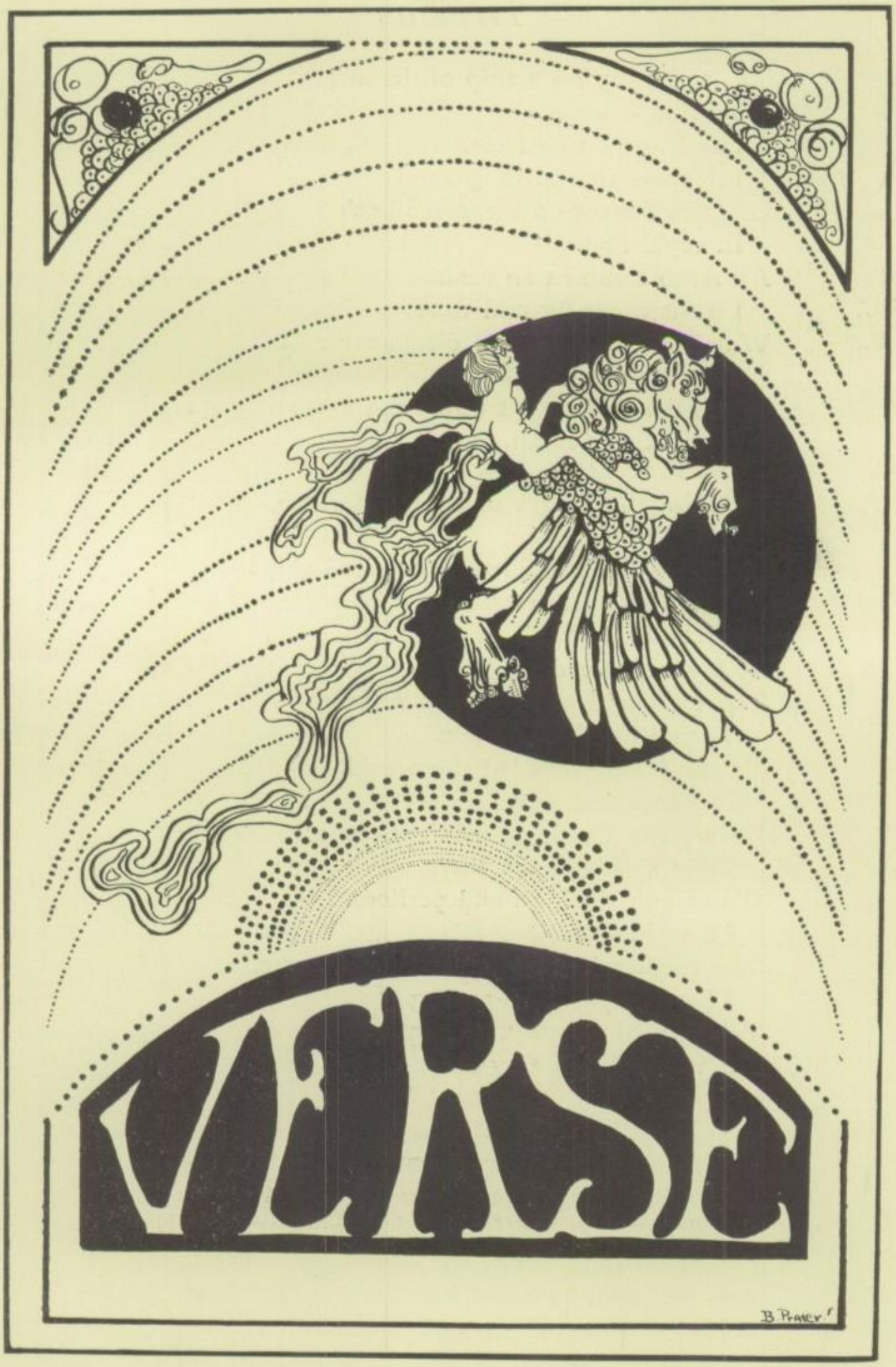
NELSON STOM
"Rely on yourself."
Chemistry Club.

To the Night

AH, welcome fair evening with cool stars just beaming
And blue shadows mantling the hills and the trees.
Diana, slow-rising, the summits despising,
Sifts light through the forest's green screening of leaves.
Pale mists, ascending, the valleys are wending,
And, borne by the sweet-scented night breezes, glide.
Ev'ry object in nature has doubled in beauty;
Glorious nightfall, forever abide.

Ralph Swain, 8.




VERSE

Dreams

'LL sail away on a ship of dreams
To magic lands,
I'll sail away to Africa,
I'll cross the burning sands
Of grim Sahara on a camel's back
In royal state,
An Arab camp in an oasis
I'll visit, eat fig and date;
Watch till the red sun disappears;
See darkness fall,
While the cold creeps down and around to spread
A mantle over all.

I'll skim the shores of ancient Greece,
And I'll see there
The face that launched a thousand ships
In all its beauty rare;
The stalwart youth of Sparta,
City renowned;
The treasured splendors of Athens;
Then I'll sail on around
To the Rome that led the world
In the olden day,
I'll see the Carthage soldiers come;
They slowly make their way
O'er mountain high and perilous;
I'll walk along
The roads when all roads led to Rome,
I'll make my way among
Tall togaed Caesars, Antonys,
And all the motley throng.

Oh, many castles have been built in Spain
And many have fallen; they'll be built again.
For dreams are stuff by which the ways are laid,
Bright spots of pleasure. May they never fade!
And so Spain calls us; haste we to that land,
Softly, slumbering fires of romance fanned,
Swarthy Spaniards, bold to do or die,
Maids at a grated window, sweet and shy,
Soft notes of a guitar, a lover's sigh,

Huge towers built by long o'erpowered Moors,
Gay crowds acclaim successful Toreadors
High convent walls—a street with people teems—
A dream-world visited by a ship of dreams.

My journey over, homeward I return.
The dreams are gone, the common homely things
Of life crowd back, for though we all may yearn
At times, we would not wish to change with kings
The state we have. We dream of all the rest,
And turn at last to home, for home is best.

May Holmes, January '30.

Metropolis

MACHINES, winding in and out,
Sliding, gliding, snake-like,
A perfect net-work.

Lights, high lights and low,
Bright and dull, revealing
And blinding.

People, over-worked people,
Hurrying, scurrying, busy,
As small ants.

Buildings, towering up
To the sky,
Obstructive buildings.

Huge factories, smoking,
Smouldering,
Crushing creatures.

Smoke, black and sooty,
Filthy,
Destructive smoke.

The river, smelly,
Dark and dank,
Man-eating thing.

Parks—places of refuge,
Peaceful spots,
At last.

Yvonne Steinbiss, 7.

Saga of the Sword—An Allegory

I WANDERED through the Paris streets,
Searching for a blade;
And I found an armourer's shop
Nestling 'neath the shade.

In the shop's one window murky,
I spied a gleam of light—
A silver sheen which seemed to say,
"I am a shaft of might."

I entered the single darkened door
And faced a low hung room
Festooned with swords and dark with soot,
Lit only by the moon.

I met the ancient keeper hoary,
Veteran of twenty wars
His body was weighed and bent with years,
His face was seamed with scars.

I asked to see the beckoning blade,
The silver symbol of Mars.
The veteran took it from its hook—
A notched brand of many wars.

Oh matchless blade! It seemed to be,
A thing of flesh and blood,
A dancing flame, a leaping steed,
A true friend, tried and good.

I bought it then and carried it long.
It proved itself to me,
Until one stormy night and drear,
A foe it came to be.

As I lay on my bed and thought,
A footstep on the floor
Aroused me from my lethargy—
I drew my sword once more.

I saw a figure draped in black—
Out flashed a silver streak.
I parried with my wondrous sword.
It seemed his life to seek.

The swords clashed free, the sparks fell fast—
  It seemed to heat my brain.
I lunged and saw it all through red,
  My point his heart did gain.

'Tho I had killed before, I wept.
  I gasped, "Who can it be?"
I held a candle near his face—
  Oh God! My brother! It was he.

Billy Simpson, 5.

Song of the Jungle

ONOTONOUS, pulsing jungle drums,
  Beat an ancient symphony.
Midnight and its varied hums
  Blend in endless harmony.

The jungle's monstrous, looming trees—
  An oily river, creeping
Neath leaves stirred by a hot-breathed breeze
  To meet the green sea inward sweeping.

The impish monkeys chatter on high
  At the lion's menacing roar.
The tall grass breathes a solemn sigh,
  The sea gulls upward soar.

Again we hear the harmony,
  Like an organ's chord, prolong—
As if in ancient symphony—
  The jungle's ancient song.

Billy Simpson, 5.

Uncertainty

OH, Muse, I would that I could see ahead
If all my youthful dreams of this great art
Shall live, or like a leaping fire burn dead
That we in future needs must live apart;

Or shall I, when in mellowness of age
And in the golden fancies of my thought,
Look back upon my prime as at a stage
And see the fruitful work my pen has wrought.

Oh, vague Uncertainty, must you conceal
The praise or scorn to be my destiny,
And must I sit and wait 'till years reveal
What Fate and Love have given dignity.

Then give me faith and strength and courage all
To labor on until success's call.

Nancy Jane Miller, 6.

Sonnet

IN winter I sit by an open fire,
Enclosed by dusky shadows all around;
The flames leap up into a fiery spire,
And fancies come—and there is not a sound.

But spring and all its restless moods advance
Upon my quiet evenings here at home,
And I must waken from my winter's trance:
O'er land and sea I feel that I must roam.

And when the sunny summer days begin,
I seek the many places of my dreams
I leave the city—and the city's din,
And live an outdoor life—how good it seems!

But when the leaves have fallen from the trees,
I hasten back to fireside reveries.

Margery Milks, 6.

Spring

GAY birds flash in and out among the trees;
On lazy wings clouds float across the sky;
An odor sweet drifts on the gentle breeze,
While on the grass in ecstasy I lie.

The forest is most wonderful in Spring.
What peace and quiet solitude is mine!
While lying here I watch the birds on wing
And listen to the murmurs of the pine.

A brooklet's waters sparkle in the sun;
Wild flowers peep along its grassy shore;
And all this glorious work hath Nature done—
The morning sun gives promise of yet more.

The world seems new to me while lying here,
And yet this miracle occurs each year.

Susan Greer, 6.

Sonnet

THE happy birds are singing in the trees
But oh! I've missed my bus! I'll take a stroll.
A cold wind rollicks down. It makes me sneeze.
How like a bride that flowered tree on the knoll!

A sudden show'r. Bright drops like diamonds fall.
And then the sun! It glints on pavements wet.
The young leaf shadows dance along the wall
How beautiful! My hat is ruined I bet!

A rainbow arches in the eastern sky
I lift my eyes in joy! I stub my toe!
I reel, I fall, I hear a zipp! Oh my!
I grovel in the wet! A mess! But lo!

A young man lifts me up—the joy bells ring!
I blush, I laugh, he laughs—Ah well, 'tis spring!

Doreen Wall, 6.

The Golden Bough

An Allegory for Harassed Latin Students

It is to be regretted that we are not all as fortunate as a certain young man who did not know whether to take Latin or not. He wished, one night, that some one would help him decide; and scarcely had he formed this wish when a majestic figure appeared at his bedside and said, "I am the Cumaean Sibyl; follow me, and perhaps we may be able to settle your difficulty."

He did so, and the adventure has been recorded for us in the following lines:

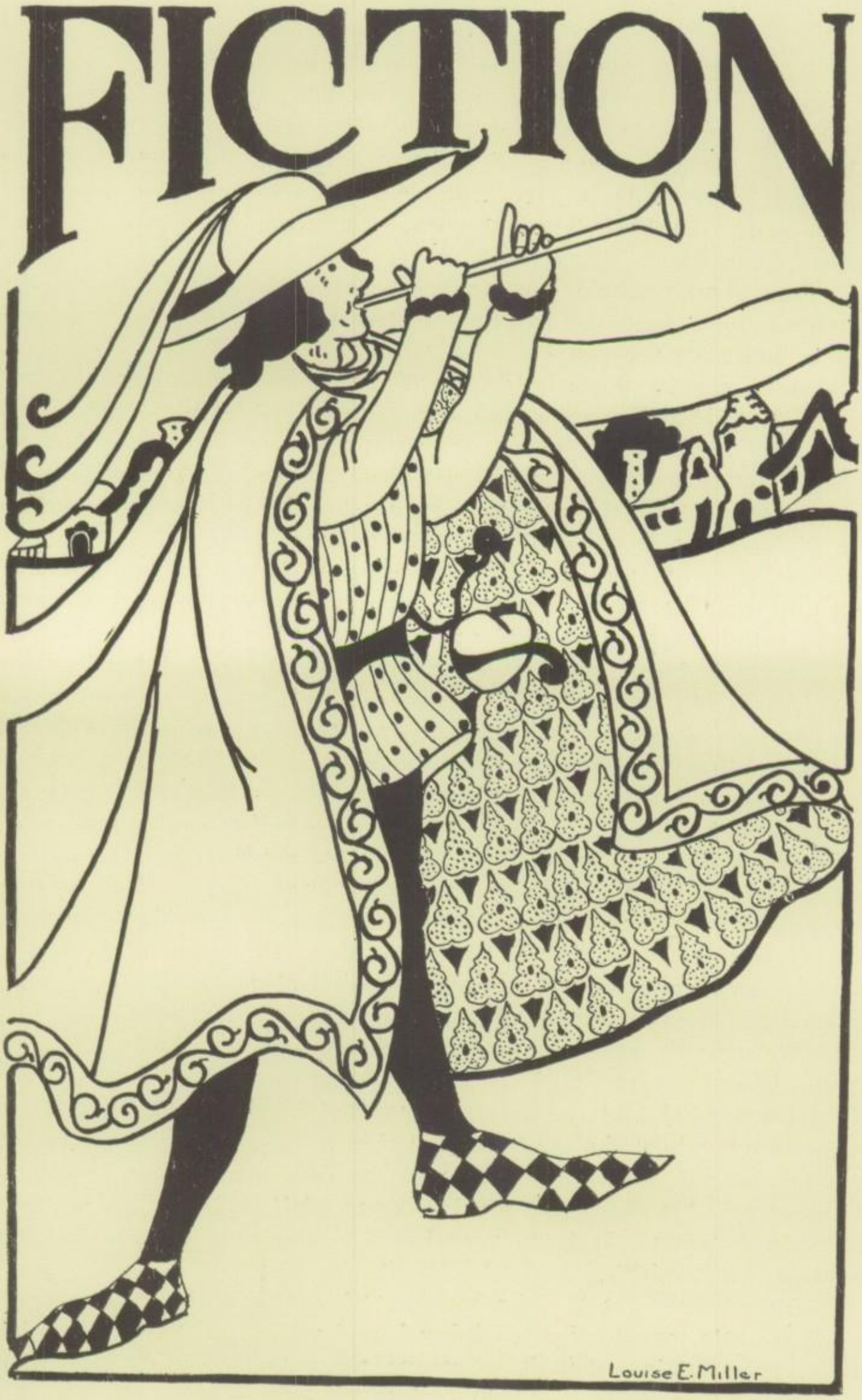
Swift as light they sped away
To lands afar; and whither no
Man knows, and whither none can say.
But now their flight was o'er, and lo,
Before a forest vast they stood.
The Sibyl spoke, "Nor can we trust
Ourselves to this enchanted wood
Without the golden bough; we must,
Then, wrest from yonder towering tree
Its precious burden." No sooner said
Than done. "But wait, and thou shalt see
The wisdom of this deed. Though dread
The beasts and foul the monsters who
Infest these verdant groves, this bough
A passage safe assures thee; do
Thou guard it well." "But tell me how—"
"No questions now," the Sibyl said,
"Ere bright Aurora from her couch,
When dewy shades from earth have fled,
Lights heaven with her rosy touch,
Dread Latin's secrets thou shalt know.
And with thy knowledge aiding thee,
No difficulty, then, I trow,
Thy course presents. Why, thou shalt see."
They entered then the gloomy woods.
Ere long appeared three figures, dismal,
Their serpent locks encased in hoods
Whence gleamed, malignant, fierce, abysmal,
Their searching eyes. "Now, have no fear,
These Furies need not so affright thee;
The golden bough protects thee here."
They hurried on. But, horrible to see,
A raging monster stalked about.

"'T is Syntax, the mighty, stern and grim.
He often causes men to doubt
Their senses, and his cruel whim
It is to drive them mad; but he
Who holds the golden bough no fears
Need have. He'll prove to be
But a ghost whose harmless form appears."
Pursuing still their gloomy course,
Many the dreadful sights they
Saw. There was the steaming horse
Whose nostrils darted fire; they say
He does the work of ten; and Dame
Sibyl said, "The fiery steed
(Ablative Absolute is his name)
Knows no master. But proceed
Here's the swamp where swarm the brood
Of snakes they call Subjunctives. All
Are vipers." Gazing, rapt they stood
And watched the slimy creatures crawl.
"Observe that hideous demon whose
Three heads and venomous fangs
Strike terror to the hearts of those
Who, trembling, seek him—grievous pangs
He causes. Yes, it is the dread
Condition. And a thousand other
Serpents creep in this dire bed
Of grief. But now we near another
Noisome haunt of sorrow. Lo,
See this valley dank with weeds o'ergrown—
Clogged with Rules—the Vale of Woe.
They were the seeds by Syntax sown.
Scarce one but owns to clutching thorns
Or poisonous vapor exudes.
But never this accurs'd vale scorns
The golden bough, nor deludes
Its owner. But even the fortunate
Who pluck the golden bough must walk
Softly here; else, importunate,
Grasping, these parasites will balk
Their progress. There a mass we see,
A tangled mass, of thorny vines
Whose clinging tendrils ne'er will free
The struggling souls whom it entwines
So hopelessly. And 'round about

It swarm sharp-stinging insects, bold;
And he who ventures there without
The branch—beware! For Indirect
Discourse and his attendant imps
Know no rank, have no respect
For aught but the bough of gold". Then cried
The Sibyl (as Sibyls often do),
"Behold this grassy plain, this wide
Plateau; and there, drawn up in rows
Of glittering steel, great Caesar's legions
Still, as of yore, repel their foes;
While Cicero dwells in regions
Veiled in smoke from his fiery words—clouded
Ever his immortal speeches.
Maro's lofty strain is shrouded
In delicate mist. And he who reaches
These demigods," the Sibyl said,
"Is he who from the tree has plucked
The aureous branch."
Their journey's end was drawing near
When thus the Sibyl spoke: "But one
The version we have seen, while here,
Of Latin's secrets deep. And none
Would care long to endure it. But not ever
Thus it is. Your fears be laid
To rest. Such views as those thou never
Needst to share. They've wrongly made
From blissful grove and Elysian field,
A Tartarus."
Then silently the pair
Pressed onward—'til our hero did yield
To burning curiosity. "There
Is one question, Sibyl, I might
Ask. What does it represent,
This bough? Make haste to answer, for bright
Phoebus warns us of his advent."
"So many things—there's Diligence
(Nothing's more essential); and more,
A measure of Intelligence—
But thou hast heard them all before,
Must I repeat them now?" E'en
As she spoke, bright Phoebus' rays
Illumined brilliantly the scene—
And all the vision faded from our gaze.

Randolph Cornwall, Post Graduate, June, 1928.

FICTION



Pomerania

JOHN JONES paused for breath, halfway up the Great Pyramid. He was decidedly out of breath and also thirsty. He waved his hand in a negative gesture to the guide, who was clamoring in French and Arabic to continue the ascent.

Bother! The water was lukewarm. Nevertheless, it was water. John drank.

"Young man, would you kindly give me a little water from your canteen? I am very thirsty, and my bottle was accidentally dropped and broken an hour ago."

John jumped and nearly lost his balance. An English voice! Glory be! A blessed English voice addressing a homesick traveler! He looked around. The guide sat down and gloomily crossed his legs in disgust.

Mr. Jones saw no one near. He looked below to the very base of the great structure, thereby endangering his life by leaning over too far. No one was there. Had he heard aright?

"Sir, would you kindly let me have just a little wee bit of water?" piped up the plaintive voice anew. "I am up here, sir, on the next ledge. If you could reach up, I could reach down, and . . ."

John looked up. The next ledge towered over his head, but a quaint bewhiskered face was thrust forth over the end, giving the appearance of a decapitated victim of the guillotine, as the body was not in evidence.

"Oh, I'll come up, if you don't mind. Abdallah, give us a boost!"

In a twinkling, Mr. Jones found himself six feet nearer heaven. He stared at his surroundings. The broad ledge was littered with numerous papers, and the scraps of a lunch of sandwiches. Compasses, pencils, and blueprints, besides a drawing-board, composed a pleasing conglomeration of inappropriate objects for a tomb. A huge sunshade cast a grateful shadow in the sweltering heat. A plump little man in a white duck suit, wearing immense spectacles and possessing a nondescript nose, was beaming at him from under the umbrella.

"Welcome to my office, sir! No, there's plenty of room. Just be careful of the papers. Now, if you would just—"

John handed him the canteen, removed his hat, and mopped his heated brow, whilst the other gurgled cheerfully as he drank the water.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the little man at last, returning the canteen. "Now, if you would like to rest here a while, you are perfectly welcome. It is so very hot. You were not contemplating entering the tomb?"

"Oh, no—no—" said John hastily. "A mummy gives me creeps."

The little man looked bewildered, and replied mildly, "The ruins are very interesting, though, of course, the valuable pieces have been

removed. However, you are quite welcome to stay here a while. My—my name is Patrick Murphy."

"What! Murphy—Mr. Patrick Murphy? The great engineer? Are you Mr. Murphy the engineer?" demanded Mr. Jones. Mr. Murphy blushed vividly.

"Well, yes."

"And you really will let me stay here?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'll be a fox-terrier. Wait till I tell Mom that I accepted an invitation from Mr. Pat—"

"I said you might stay here a while—out of the sun, you know," said Mr. Murphy, uneasily.

Jones turned to the waiting guide.

"You just trot along, Abdallah. Here are some shekels or ducats or whatever you call 'em. So long."

The two men sat down under the umbrella, Turkish fashion. Mr. Murphy picked up a drawing-board.

"What are you doing, sir? Mapping the Sphinx?"

Murphy's eyes kindled.

"No, a more important work even than that. Much more important. I have been chosen to plan one of the greatest pieces of philanthropic engineering projects ever attempted, on the same high plane with the Panama Canal and the Saint Lawrence River system. I have been chosen, sir, to install drinking-fountains in every recess of this lofty pyramid!"

"Oh," said Mr. Jones.

"Think! The thirsty tourist will no longer endure agony. The toiling workmen can refresh themselves. The suffering of every class can receive relief and revivification. I shall never again bother you by asking for water. The Arab wanderer may stop at the Pyramid for water instead of struggling to the next oasis. Eventually, drinking fountains will be installed in every pyramid and temple, and even at the very Sphinx, as mankind realizes the need for such improvements. The Nile, that Mother of civilization, will serve another purpose besides moistening this fertile valley."

"Say, that'll be keen," said Mr. Jones.

"Yes. I have never been prouder nor more gratified in my life than when I was called from my task of designing a bridge in the Malay Peninsula to perform this mammoth task. My young daughter, Pomerania, is to contrive some artful ornamentation for the adornment of the fountains. She studied drawing at the Sorbonne. I believe in educating my children to the very highest degree possible. Why, dear me, there she is now."

A young voice called out, "Papa, are you up there? Give me a lift,

please. Sargon made me come alone, the brute."

John Jones sprang to his feet. With all the ardor of his twenty-six years and seven months, he was a great hand with the ladies. He leaned over the ledge and stretched out his brown fist. A white hand was reached to him, but was suddenly withdrawn.

"Oh—oh, sir—pardon me. I thought—"

"That's all right, Miss Murphy. Just give us your hand and up you'll come. Your pa is up here."

A flushed fair countenance was turned up to him, and a smile twinkled in two brown eyes.

"All right, then. Careful; I have some crayons here."

One strenuous moment, and Miss Pomerania Murphy stood beside him, smiling. Her father got to his pudgy feet.

"My dear, may I present Mr.—"

"John Jones," inserted that individual.

"—a very fine young man. My daughter, Pomerania, sir."

"Only, you may call me Pom," she remarked.

But John, as he observed the girl's beauty and simple grace in her khaki uniform, decided that he would call her something else before many months had ambled by.

"You see," said Murphy, sitting down again, "my wife and I have made it our practice to name our children in an original manner, out of the commonplace. Pom, now, was born in the duchy of Pomerania, so naturally we named her after it. Her older brother, Sargon, was named after the great Assyrian hero. Mesopotamia, the second boy, was born there while I was doing some excavations in that vicinity. Leipzig, another boy was born in that beautiful city. Australia, Pom's sister, was introduced to the world while I was performing some construction work in Queenstown. Malay, the baby girl, was born in Malay eight months ago. Whereas, my name is Patrick, and my wife's is Mary Ann. So you see how in some respects the younger generation is an improvement on the elder, and also what a benefit travel is in providing zest in family life."

John coughed violently. He stole a glance at Pom. She was scarlet, evidently on the verge of tears. He restrained all comment. Mr. Murphy calmly continued his work. Pom dropped her box of crayons and nervously fingered a ring.

"Mr. Jones, would you like to go over the Pyramid with Pom?" asked the engineer presently. "She knows it like a book."

John sprang up with alacrity. Pomerania also arose, wreathed in smiles.

"And, Mr. Jones," continued the little man, "if you like, you may come and have supper with us some night. See those tents way off there by a well? Those are our headquarters, where we're living tem-

porarily. Come tomorrow, if you will, and I'll tell Mary Ann to arrange a bountiful repast."

"Thank you, sir!" replied John, involuntarily glancing at Pom. She looked happy. John promptly determined to stay in the region of the Great Pyramid until the Murphys also left it.

* * *

Pom sat on a camp-stool in the sand by the well. A great palm towered over her, and many stars, crystal and sparkling, lent a silver radiance to the flat plain and distant hulking Pyramid. They were reflected in the broad Nile, as they had been reflected there in the days of the Pharaohs.

Mr. Jones was beside the girl. Also, they were alone.

"Pom, honey," whispered John tenderly, "is something troubling you? You seem so sad sometimes. Can't you tell me?"

Pom sighed and bowed her head.

"John, ever since I met—I mean, for quite a while now, I've been longing for something. When I was a little girl I felt the same desire, but couldn't name it. Now, I *can* name it, for I've just realized—"

"Yes, dear?" quavered Mr. Jones.

"I've just realized that what I want is a home!"

"Oh," gasped John eagerly, "I—I'll give—"

"A home," continued Pom hastily, "where I can learn to know the rooms, and love each chair and table and have my own pictures and my piano, and make friends and—John, can you realize how we've lived ever since I can remember? Traveling from place to place; from city to city; staying in hotels, camps, tents. I've seen America only once, and my parents were both born there. But Dad became an engineer, and all we've done is globe-trot forever. Oh, I've just begun to understand—oh-h—"

She burst into tears. She trembled and swayed back and forth on her stool. John comprehended perfectly that the only place she could find consolation was—well, a shoulder is always convenient, you know. Five minutes later Pom was signed up (figuratively speaking) for a home.

"But, John dearest," she whispered to his coat-collar, "remember, we must live in one place. Oh, please, let's never set foot in a railroad station when we once have our little home."

"All right, honey. I'm awful sick of traveling, myself."

* * *

There is a very neat little house in a suburb of Chicago. It has a peculiar roof, and huge windows, and a microscopic lawn, and two Chinese pots by the front door, and stuccoed walls. Altogether, a remarkably original little house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were seated one morning at the breakfast table, still a blissful and tender couple after six months of wedded life.

"More sugar, John?" queried Mrs. Jones. She looked quite as pretty in a ruffled house-dress as in her boyish khaki uniform.

"Yes, love—three lumps!" replied John, gazing at her in his most soulful manner.

"Oh—oh, how could you, John? You know you eat too much sweet stuff. One lump."

"Three," insisted the lord of the house.

"One," repeated Pom, firmly. And John took one.

Stirring his coffee energetically, John said in a low voice, "Honey, I've been feeling kind of queerish lately. Haven't you?"

With much artificial indignation she retorted,

"What makes you think so? How can you draw such outlandish conclusions?"

John sighed lugubriously and said nothing, drinking his coffee glumly. Presently, Pom remarked, with effort,

"Maybe it's spring fever, John. It gets into your system some way, when everything is green—"

"Like green apples, I suppose," said John brightly.

Pom continued with supreme dignity, "I shall brew some sassafras tea, as our grandmothers used to. That should thin your blood."

"Ye gods, no, Pom!" cried John in alarm. "It *can't* be right to try to thin a person's blood. It can't—anyway, that's not the trouble."

Pom wrinkled her brow. "Well," she said, suddenly, "let's try a different brand of coffee. Maybe we'd better cut it out entirely and use Postum. It isn't healthy to have so much caffeine in us."

John leaned forward and seized her wrist firmly. "Pom," he said with slow emphasis, "you know that's not the trouble."

She evaded his gaze.

"Pomerania Jones," he continued with deadly earnestness, "you know what the trouble is."

She cast a swift glance at him, then lowered her eyes again. Presently she jumped up and cried vehemently, "But we can't! After all we said to the folks, and—I tell you, we can't!"

"All right," said Mr. Jones airily. "If you want to be miserable yourself, if you want to see your husband pining away—all right, I say!"

She sank back weakly.

"And you know who—" continued Mr. Jones.

"Oh, don't say it was my fault! Oh, don't be so mean!"

"All right, honey," said he, soothingly. "But shall we?"

"Very well," said Pom shortly.

John sprang up with the playful bound of a happy lamb. He flung on his hat, seized a checkbook, and was nearly out of the house, when he turned and shouted to Pom, "Does it matter where?"

"No. You know it doesn't matter where!"

The Strip

Mr. Jones bumped into an acquaintance on the street and almost knocked him down.

"Jones—holy cats, man, murder gleams in your eye. Where's the fire?"

"No place," hissed John through clenched teeth, striding away. The victim clutched his coat-tail and demanded,

"See here; where are you going? Somebody sick?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Jones. "And we're going first to New York and then to Finland and then on a tour of Siam and Patagonia. Now will you shut up and let me by?" Frances England, 5.

Death From the Skies

HE ordinarily peaceful and sleepy mining town of La Paz, Bolivia, was in an uproar of terror and unrest when Bob Sloan, young Yankee Investigator Extraordinary for the Bolivian Government, arrived at the Hotel Bolivar. In the lobby, a group of excited business men and mining engineers, both native and foreign, were discussing the startling and horrible events of the last week with much heat.

"I tell you," shouted a small, red-faced, and angry-looking individual, "this thing has gone far enough. Why don't the Federal people take a hand in this? They make a big fuss over trivial details like that Lode B fracas and the Alvarez case, but when something big like this comes along—why, they just curl up and quit, that's all! Take it from me—if I had my wife and baby down here—and thank God they are safe home in the States—I'd keep 'em indoors day and night, and you can lay your bottom dollar on that!"

Save for a wry smile, Sloan gave no indication that he had heard the explosive words of the red-faced one, and, after ascending to his room and handing the native bellhop five pesos with directions to ask Senor Rojas to see him at once, sank into the only chair of which the hot, dusty room boasted and sought solace in his battle-scarred briar until the Commandant of Native Police should arrive, for such was the official position of the young Senor Rojas.

The local arm of Law and Order proved to be an intelligent fellow who spoke good English; and, after seating himself as comfortably as possible on the springless bed, gave the American detective the facts in the case, which were, somewhat condensed, as follows:

At dusk on the Monday past, Pedro Gonzales, the son of a herdsman living somewhat on the outskirts of the community, started out to lead home his father's small herd of cattle, which was grazing on a small plateau some two miles or so distant from the family habitation. As

the evening wore on, and the boy did not return, the elder Gonzales set out in search of him. Arriving on the plateau where the cattle had been feeding, he found no trace of them; but discovered the lad's torn and bloody cap, as well as other portions of his clothing. The ground within a radius of several yards from the spot where the cap was found was torn up and marked as if a struggle had taken place.

The police made their usual investigations but were unable to unearth a single clue as to Pedro's whereabouts or that of his murderer, if a homicide had been committed. The cattle were found within a mile of their usual pasture, lathered with foam and showing evidences of having been badly frightened.

While Rojas himself was working on the first case, five additional murders (for there now seemed no doubt as to the nature of the crime) were committed in and around La Paz, one on each of the five evenings immediately following that of the first. Each case concerned a young boy or girl; each occurred after nightfall; and in each case the victim was alone at the time of the crime, and no trace was found of his body. After a great deal of hard work, Rojas had finally given up in despair and had sent for outside aid to solve the baffling mysteries.

After sleeping on the information of Rojas that night, Sloan arose next morning with the firm conviction that the crimes were the work of a demented native, probably a hillsman, who hid amid the winding canyons and craggy glens of the neighboring Andes by day and slunk out to strike down his innocent victims after night had fallen.

With this theory in mind, Sloan spent the next week scouring the locality in search of such an individual—sending a posse deep into the hills and combing all of the town's underworld dives and opium dens. He also inquired of the various government sanitariums and penal institutions located near La Paz as to whether or not such a person had recently escaped. All of these projects returned negative results.

After two weeks' time had passed, and he was no nearer to a solution of the mysteries than he had been upon his arrival in La Paz, the young American received a sharp telegram from his chief, pointing out that, while no more crimes had been committed (due to the fact that Sloan had given strict orders for all young children to remain indoors after nightfall), the American had made no headway in solving the crimes. The message ended with a curt command to visit the chief at Sucre, about two hundred miles south of La Paz, in the heart of the Andes.

Sloan dejectedly packed his handbag, paid his hotel bill, and drove out to the new Bolivian airport, located on the edge of the city, and boarded one of the new Junkers planes recently purchased from the German firm of that name by the Government for use on the two weekly trips made between the Bolivian metropolis and Santiago, Chile.

Although the plane was of German make, the pilot was cast in a Yankee mold; and Sloan, his only passenger, struck up a lively conversation with him during the first part of the journey. Soon, however, the baffled sleuth dropped into a moody silence, only to be suddenly aroused by an abrupt exclamation from the pilot.

"What's the fuss?" asked Sloan.

"Another of those pesky condors, sir. Almost hit us, too. See, it has some farmer's calf in its claws. Tough on some poor guy."

Sloan looked out of the cabin window with interest. He saw a huge, dull-black bird with a wingspread of probably ten feet flying slowly past, bearing in its talons a young calf, whose child-like bleats sounded strangely human as they rose above the drone of the muffled motor.

A thrill, as if of discovery, passed through the angular frame of the young American.

"Pilot!" he shouted. "Pilot—turn back to La Paz at once! Eureka! I've got it at last!"

"O. K., sir," said the frozen-faced birdman.

"Well folks," said Sloan, enthroned in the best chair in the lobby of the Hotel Bolivar, as he addressed a group of American residents some days after his dramatic return to La Paz, "when I saw that bird winging off with that unfortunate calf, I knew I had hit upon the solution of the whole ghastly business. When I got back here, I looked up all I could find on the condor, and found that, while it prefers carrion to fresh meat, it will, when pressed by hunger, carry off living animals weighing up to one hundred pounds. Usually cattle and sheep are thus carried off, but in this instance, that big fellow over there" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of a mighty condor, with a wingspread of over twelve feet, which was suspended from the hotel's wall by means of stout cords) "somehow got a liking for human flesh, and—well, that's just about all there was to it. He swooped down on the children after dark, when no one could see him, and carried them off before they were able to utter a single cry for help. Finding his lair and killing him was an easy job for your native hillsmen, as a condor is very sluggish after feeding. As you know, the remains of the unfortunate children were found in the nest, high on the side of an Andes peak."

William Mason, 6.

Injustice

CONSIDER it most unfair of Aunt Elizabeth to blame me. It was not my fault. My position was practically that of an innocent bystander, and as for saying that I corrupted her son's ideals, caused the upheaval of their normal home-life (furniture, I should say) and all those other ridiculous charges which she made—that is downright slander! As a matter of fact, it was Mother who began it. I was serenely eating chocolates and dutifully trying to remember that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of something or other, when she entered the room.

"Angela," (Mother is one of the many mistaken persons of this world who believe that a girl of fifteen has no mind nor will of her own) "Angela, I think it would do you a great deal of good to get out of the city for a while. I've written Elizabeth. She says it will be all right for you to stay with her for a while. Tomorrow is the last day of examinations, isn't it?"

Now, I didn't want to go. If my wishes had been consulted, Aunt Elizabeth would probably never have seen me. So you see it was through no volition of mine that the Napoleonic statue was broken. My going was caused by the coming of the Robertsons, who have never liked me since I accidentally broke their family heirloom, while fishing for goldfish in their sunparlor.

I arrived at Curtin, the dullest town in America, three days later. Aunt Elizabeth was waiting at the station. It had been some years since I had seen Aunt Elizabeth, but I vaguely remembered her as the type of person who is capable of sitting through a three-hour sermon without blinking an eyelash, who insists that the family enter the house by the side door so the front steps may stay clean, and who has absolutely no sense of humor. She hadn't changed.

She came towards me as I scrambled off the train. "How do you do, Angela?" she said. "I'm glad you've arrived. The train was late." She spoke precisely as though it were my weight which had held it back.

We walked to her house. The conversation along the way was not very enlivening. She asked about Mother's health. Then she hoped that I had had a pleasant journey—not very enthusiastically, however. I assured her that I had, and added that it was a beautiful day. She agreed and the conversation lapsed. Altogether I was exceedingly glad when we reached the house.

Aunt Elizabeth's house is a horribly perfect affair. The hedges are trimmed correctly, there is never anything on the lawn save what should be there, the steps are like snow before it's covered with soot, and if anyone has an idea of sitting on the porch it is promptly crushed by dear Aunt Elizabeth. We entered by the side door.

Inside the house it is exactly as it is outside. A house of that sort has absolutely no individuality. But I had been expecting it. As we entered I asked how my cousin, Billy, was feeling and was promptly and properly withered by my aunt for my flippant use of the nickname. My question however was answered without her assistance. We had entered the large long room and right in the center I saw a boy seated by a table, his head bent over a book.

"William is quite well," announced Aunt Elizabeth with emphasis on the name. "William, come here and meet your cousin, Angela."

I didn't think much of that as an introduction and probably Billy (or William) didn't either, but he got up and came forward. Billy Fairfax is a thin boy, a little taller than I am, with horn-rimmed glasses. I took one glance at him and decided we had nothing in common. He evidently decided the same.

"How do you do, Angela." He spoke in the exact tone in which Aunt Elizabeth had spoken.

"Fine, thanks. How are you?" I returned.

"Quite well, thank you," was his brilliant reply. I began to wonder if this was going to go on all night.

It did not. Aunt Elizabeth helpfully spoke. "You'll want to wash before supper, Angela. Really, I don't see how you managed to get your face so dirty, even on the train." That is my idea of frankness personified.

I didn't care for the remark particularly and would probably have said something I shouldn't, if Emma (Aunt Elizabeth's servant) hadn't entered in a fury. "Mis' Fairfax," she raged, "them tramps have been here again. Both my pies what I left on the window sill to cool are gone and not even the plates left, the thievin' brutes. I declare, Mis' Fairfax, if something ain't done about this I—"

"Don't lose control of yourself that way, Emma," ordered my aunt. "It won't bring back the pies. But this stealing must stop. I can't spare the money to buy pies for thieving tramps." She went into the kitchen and Emma followed.

The wailing protest came back to us. "But my pies—and the third time in a week. The best pies—"

"The tramps have been stealing everything for the past week and no one has been able to do anything about it," observed Billy, feeling that an explanation was due. I had gathered that much, having ordinary intelligence.

"Stupid of them," I remarked. I wasn't particularly interested. There's really nothing so tiresome as the type of boy who is displeased when interrupted at his studies.

I believe he felt rather discouraged, and I don't blame him. For the sake of saying something, I inanely remarked that it was a beautiful

day (the second time I had said that in ten minutes). Naturally he agreed and I flopped into a chair, bored and disgusted. We were sitting there silent when Aunt Elizabeth returned.

I was there for a week, becoming more bored each day. The chief excitement of the first seven days was wondering whether or not the tramps would steal something. In that dead little town there was nothing else to think of. Is it any wonder that my thoughts ran to thieves? Aunt Elizabeth was rather dreadful at times. She was horrified when I joined into a game of baseball with the boys. "William would never think of such a thing!" and words can't express her feelings on discovering my reading Elinor Glynn's novels. Toward the end of the week my greatest enjoyment came in seeing how many ways I could shock her. You can imagine her opinion of me.

It was my last evening there that she went to the evangelist's meeting. She didn't consider taking me — for which I was thankful. She doesn't believe that I have any hope of getting into Heaven, anyway. Billy had a headache. I wonder.

After she had gone I curled up in a big chair (Aunt Elizabeth says that all ladies keep their feet on the floor) with the latest Photoplay. I don't know what Billy was reading—"History of the United States," probably. Shortly after Emma went to bed he looked stealthily at me over the top of the book. "Angela," he whispered in the tone the villain of the melodrama uses to his confederates, "I'm hungry. Do you think—?"

"Billy, I'm thinking the same thing. Here we sit starving; with a huge chicken and heaven knows what else, in the next room. You're thinking that dear Aunt Elizabeth considers eating between meals a penitentiary crime. Well, who cares? Buck up, laddie, come on. Let's get food."

Whether or not he was thinking that, we went into the kitchen. We ate everything in sight and were enjoying ourselves (in spite of Billy's tendencies towards glancing at the door) when we heard the noise—the grating of a key in the lock.

I looked at Billy and Billy looked at me.

"Aunt Elizabeth," I murmured wondering what she would say to this layout, but defiantly telling myself that I didn't care.

"Mother!" stuttered Billy. He seemed to be more impressed. He's known Aunt Elizabeth longer.

"Billy," said I, rather worriedly, as we heard the door being opened, "what is the proper thing to do?"

Billy was looking pathetically like my dog when he's expecting a whipping—though of course, Rex doesn't wear horn-rimmed glasses. Finding no help there I tiptoed to the door and opened it a crack. It's always best to get the lay of the land before deciding on action.

The Strip

A man was leaning over Aunt Elizabeth's desk hurriedly going through the drawers.

I don't know what Billy's thoughts were at the moment but speaking for myself, I could have embraced the intruder—both because he was not Aunt Elizabeth and because he would bring some excitement into a dull house. As he continued leaning over the desk with his back turned and didn't look very formidable, I looked around for a weapon. Having nothing better, I picked up the bread knife and turned to my cousin. "Billy," I whispered, "it's a thief and we've got to catch him. For the love of Mike, try to imagine that you're a hero."

"But Angela—" he murmured vaguely. There was a look of dazed horror on his face as he watched me tiptoe forward to the table in the center of the room. Naturally I enjoyed that. Everyone has ambition at some time in his life to be looked upon as a hero. This was apparently my big moment and, for that reason, I gathered courage to continue. I was quaking in my shoes but I had to show Billy that I wasn't a trembling baby like him.

I picked up a big fountain pen from the table and, handing the bread knife to Billy, crept up behind the man who was still impatiently turning over papers. I prayed that his gun might not be handy.

Still praying, I jammed the handle of the pen against his back and commanded, "Put 'em up," the way it's done in novels. It sounded rather weak.

The man jerked erect. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. He made no move to obey and I repeated my command. He complied slowly and I began to get bolder.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded unnecessarily. "I'm looking for Mrs. Fairfax' money," he returned. "Who on earth are you?" He seemed surprised but unafraid.

I haughtily replied, "I am Mrs. Fairfax' niece and he—" nodding towards Billy—"is Mrs. Fairfax' son."

"Indeed?" drawled the intruder. "Glad to meet you, of course. My name is Gene Wilson. And if the cross-eyed gentleman on my left would kindly lower his weapon, I would be much more pleased to make his acquaintance."

"I'm not cross-eyed," denied Billy hotly, like a child of five.

"So sorry," apologized the cheerful idiot, "merely the effect of looking over my shoulder. If you really don't mind, I'd like to turn around."

Since I most feared that, I sternly ordered him to stay as he was. He amiably complied, but remarked complainingly, "Don't you think it would be possible not to jab that thing into my ribs so hard? I'm rather ticklish. Incidentally, what is it?"

"Billy," I commanded, startled by the question and not daring to make the creature a direct reply, as I never was a good liar, "telephone the police. I'll keep him covered."

My cousin laid down the bread knife, but hesitated. "Are you sure you can hold him, Angela?"

"Certainly," said I impatiently. "Hurry!"

He turned away, still hesitantly and in that instant the man—he was really a boy—whirled and caught my wrist. He had the pen in less time than it takes to tell it and then stepped back, looked at it, and laughed. "Just as I thought," said he and looked up from it to me. "My dear child," he began, "you really aren't old enough to be trying things of this sort, particularly when your weapon—"

And then Billy did the thing from which I haven't yet recovered. He made a headlong dash at Gene Wilson, clutched him in a wild bear-hug and yelped, "Call the police, Angela! I'll hold him."

Truthfully I wouldn't have been more surprised if my pet mouse, Nebuchadnezzer, had attempted the thing. I stood where I was, stunned and staring.

It was the crash of Aunt Elizabeth's desk as it went over that brought me back to a knowledge of what was happening. I watched the combatants as they swayed across the room, hugging each other in affectionate embrace, falling over two chairs and a footstool, and landing in a heap between the sofa and the piano. When they were up and knocking each other in amateur fashion about the room, I decided that it was time for me to take a hand. I admit it was unfortunate that that awful bust of Napoleon was so handy, but I was telling the truth when I later claimed that the remembrance of how Aunt Elizabeth adores the thing did not even enter my head at the time. Unluckily—or luckily—the thing was so large as to be unwieldy and I missed. I did not aim at the bookcase and shall never forgive Aunt Elizabeth for accusing me of doing so.

As for the sofa and the rest of the furniture—they were all knocked over during that ridiculous struggle. The telephone went into the corner early in the game; and it was Billy's head that knocked down the picture of Aunt Elizabeth's great-aunt, Jennifer.

Nor was it I who knocked Billy unconscious. It was Emma who brought down the flower pot. She heard the noise and came lumbering out of her room. She stopped with a jolt at the top of the staircase and glared down at us. One glance sufficed for her to comprehend the situation. She gave one wild yelp and fainted. When a woman of Emma's size faints, it means something.

As she went down, she carried with her the big flower pot, which knocked off the smaller one. The latter struck the banister, slid down, bounced (don't ask me how it did it. I don't know), and struck Billy.

Gene Wilson disentangled himself from Billy's recumbent form and arose. He looked around the wrecked room and then at me. What he said probably wouldn't have pleased Aunt Elizabeth's evangelistic

preacher, but it expressed the precise feelings of both himself and me. "Well, I don't know what it's all about," he panted, "but you can bet this is the last time I ever do anyone a favor."

The door opened and Aunt Elizabeth walked in. Aunt Elizabeth is a stern Spartan-like woman. Of course, it is probably true that such a thing never happened till I came, but it was not fair of her to blame it all on me. I ask you, how could I have drawn different conclusions? How was I to predict that a sudden (and unusual) seizure of generosity would prompt my aunt to want more money to give to that evangelistic preacher, and that she would send that creature, Gene Wilson? Anyone but he would have explained matters at once.

The thing that bothers me most is—what got into Billy? The poor boy doesn't seem sure of himself and has lapsed into his old manner. But I suppose everyone has outbursts of heroism. Billy is repenting this at his leisure.

As for sending me home like a naughty child—that was atrocious. But, of course, Mother agreed and I am not to get the new wrist watch and other trifles that I was promised if I would go to my aunt's home without further argument. I shall certainly never go to Aunt Elizabeth's again, though Billy was sensible enough to see that my coming had nothing to do with the happenings. Now, be fair. Was it my fault? Certainly not!

Winifred Hosch, 5.

The Refugee

A YOUNG woman stood at the door of a low-roofed house near the sea-shore. There was no other dwelling-place in sight, and the rambling old mansion seemed monarch of that part of the Scottish coast.

It was a dreary day, late in the year. If there were clouds in the sky then, there were gloomier clouds obscuring the future of Scotland. For Prince Charlie, the reckless Pretender, had been defeated, and with him all hopes of the Stuarts were ruined. His partisans were fleeing for their lives, many finding refuge in France.

Jean Campbell leaned against the door-frame, gazing with eyes that were burning with tears at the gray troubled sea and the lonely shore. This slight girl was mistress of the house, the only Campbell left under its roof. Her father and brother had both died under English swords, and she was alone, an orphan.

As the clock in the hallway wheezingly hailed four of the afternoon, Jean heard the galloping of frantic hoofs down the bare winding road. Filled with nameless foreboding, she crouched against the door, like a drooping flower in her full skirts.

The horseman resolved himself into a clear shape silhouetted on the sky as he approached the house. He brought up at the cobble-stoned courtyard, dismounted, and hastened toward the door. Jean shrank back into the shadows, until she saw his face. Then she gave a joyous cry and ran into his arms.

"David, David, have you really come back? Am I really seeing you? I had no hope; I thought you were—dead."

For reply, David McCulloch pressed her tighter to his muddy riding-coat. Then he pushed her away, cut his horse with the whip, and sent the startled animal galloping across the beach to lose itself in mists. Then, in a tense anxious voice:

"Have you any place to hide me? The Southrons are following me; I haven't an hour's start on them."

Jean gasped and stared at him, unbelieving. Then she seized his arm, led him into the house, saying hoarsely,

"Good Lord, how can You let a man be hunted like a dog? There is a place in the cellar, David—"

Together they went through empty rooms to the kitchen. Luckily, the servants were in another part. Jean opened a narrow door near the brick oven. Gathering her skirts up in her hand, she stepped cautiously down the ladder, David following. They entered the cellar, which was small and dark, gloomy as the catacombs.

The girl ran across the mouldy floor to a corner filled with cobwebs. Her delicate lips curling in distaste, she burned the webs away with her candle.

"Come here, David. Push that stone back—I'm not strong enough."

She pointed to one of the large blocks that formed the wall. David set his shoulder to it and pushed manfully. At last it yielded, swinging on hinges back into a dark opening hollowed out in the ground.

"David, there is a secret passage here, that has existed for centuries. None but I now know of it—not even the servants. It leads clear down to the beach—but you won't go there; will you? If you stay right here behind the stone, you will never be found."

The young man kissed her trembling lips.

"And why would I want to go farther from you than I must? So long as this is safe—"

"But David, didn't you know that a French ship is cruising the coast to take on refugees? But oh, you won't go, will you?"

For a moment, the man's eyes narrowed, as if he were considering accepting this form of escape. Then he laughed in the brave gallant spirit that had won Jean's heart.

"No, my dearest. As long as you are in Scotland, and as long as there are still a few bold swords to fight for Prince Charlie, I too will be here."

Jean's eyes filled with happy tears. She pushed him gently toward the opening, and he turned and climbed into the tunnel. On his knees, he reached out and pulled the stone to, shutting himself up in the cramping musty passages that led off into chilly earth.

Jean blew out the candle, and, with an overflowing of love, fear, and hope in her heart, ran up to the main floor. She returned to her former post by the door.

In perhaps half an hour, the pounding of many hoofs shook the road. The slender girl on the doorstep groaned, and bit her lip to stop its trembling. Soon she saw a company of twenty men approaching the house. By their crimson uniforms, she knew them for Southrons. She withdrew into the parlor, and sat by the cold fireplace. She was quivering in every limb.

"I must stop this silliness. I must be brave. Dear God, help me to be brave!"

She heard the hoof beats grow louder, and scrape to a halt at the gate. She heard the heavy trampling of military boots upon the paving. She heard the door being opened by a servant, and her name mentioned.

An officer entered the room and bowed to her. Disdaining to arise to an enemy of the Pretender, she remained in her seat, just bending her head to his salutations.

"I have a warrant for the arrest of David McCulloch, captain in the army of the Pretender. Is he in this house?"

Jean's whole character revolted against the lie, yet she managed to say calmly,

"No. And why do you break so rudely into a Scottish lady's home?"

"We expected to find him here—of course, one always likes to be near one's sweetheart, especially when one is in danger everywhere else."

Jean flushed with anger.

"He isn't here," she repeated. "And if he were, do you think I would betray him to you?"

Her dauntlessness irritated the Englishman. He turned and shouted the order to his men to bring all the servants to the parlor, so he could question them. Accordingly, the room was soon packed with the terrified Scottish retainers.

One by one, the officer questioned those humble folk whom their mistress regarded almost as kinsmen. Somehow, Jean managed to signal to each one that he should keep silent as far as possible. Knowing nothing of the secret tunnel, still less of the concealment of David McCulloch in it, they said nothing that could possibly endanger him.

At last, the inquisition was given up, and the thing that Jean feared most was begun. The soldiers commenced to search the house.

With feelings that can easily be imagined, Jean found herself alone

in the room again, and heard the tramping and scuffling of feet in the house—in the attic first, then in the first and second floors, then in the cellar. The girl fell to her knees by a chair, and buried her head in the cushion, with her hands convulsively pressed against her ears, to shut out those ominous sounds.

She was half-distracted, as though in delirium, and murmured again and again, in a dreary monotone,

"My God, save David—save him, God—David, David, they mustn't find you!"

A cold horror struck her, as she remembered that possibly her lover had heard the entrance of the soldiers, and had fled faint-heartedly down the tunnel to the French ship. That would place him beyond all conceivable danger, yet it would wreck her life to have him gone from it. She condemned herself for desiring him to stay with her at such risk, but the selfish frailty of human nature made her cry in the depths of her soul.

"David, for the sake of heaven, do not leave me!"

And then she consoled herself with the memory that he had promised to stay. And surely a promise made by David McCulloch would never be broken—he had never been known to break a promise. Besides, if he fled, it would be an act of cowardice—cowardice from the man who had faced unflinchingly a battery of armed death! Impossible. Reassured by that thought, she rose and went to the window. She gazed away to the strip of ocean beyond the beach. All day, she had seen the tip of a sail at the horizon, and a black speck like the end of a rowboat behind a clump of trees, near the edge of the water. These she saw no longer, and was alarmed, but again she calmed herself, this time by the observation that she could barely see the trees themselves, so thick was the creeping fog.

She was standing quietly in the middle of the room, when the soldiers returned. They had not found McCulloch.

The leader came close to Jean, and said, gazing keenly at her face,

"I have found no trace of McCulloch. Yet you have hidden him; of that I am certain. Where is he, Miss Campbell?"

"I have not hidden him. If he is here, I know nothing of it."

The lie surprised her; it came so glibly. It might perjure her soul, yet if it were to save a life—

Again the officer asked with deadly quietness,

"Where have you hidden him?"

"I tell you, I don't know where he is. I swear it. If I did know, of course I wouldn't tell you. So whether I know or not, you will get no information from me."

The moment she said that, Jean realized what she had done—a dangerous thing. She had flung down her gauntlet.

The white heat of an exasperated temper flared out against her. The man picked up a burning candle, and held the flame to her palm.

"Now will you open your mouth, you obstinate fool?"

Writhing in pain, Jean sobbed and shook her head, then broke away from him, and fell gasping into a chair. In a daze, she saw the soldiers file out of the room, and heard the receding hoof beats as they rode away.

She lay still for a moment, unable to move; then the racking hurt of her blistered hand forced her to rise and pour water over it. The pain was horrible. Being a girl, she gave vent to a girl's tears, but all the time her heart was singing with joy that David was safe.

When at last she knew that all the Englishmen were sufficiently distant from the estate, Jean took up the same candle she had been burned with, and descended to the cellar. It seemed that she could not go with half the speed her rejoicing spirit demanded. How David would thank and praise her! How they would exult together!

In an ecstasy of excitement, she ran across the floor to the entrance of the passage. Forgetting her injured hand, she pushed frantically at the stone, calling her lover, meanwhile, by name. She heard no answering voice, but of course no voice could penetrate the thick wall. With superhuman effort, she moved the heavy block, and looked into the tunnel—empty!

Jean called again.

"David, they are gone. You can come out now. David, it is Jean! David!"

No answer.

She reached about in the dark with her hand; there was nothing there. Had they indeed found him, and taken him away secretly? Had they killed him, and left his body on the floor? She held her candle high and looked around, in cellar and tunnel. Nothing—nothing there.

She realized what had happened.

She sank down upon the ground, wailing,

"He is gone! He is a coward! I could never love him again!"

She lay there for a long hopeless hour, alone. . . .

David McCulloch fled first to France, then to America. He dared not return to Scotland, with a price on his head. And for many years there dwelt, in the old house on the Scottish coast, a frail woman—alone, always alone—with a scar on her hand and sorrow in her heart, until she died—alone.

Frances England, 5.

Chamber of Fantasy

THE room is thronged with ghosts of odors rare
Of riches from the East; of spices; wood
From tropic isles, of which a lady's fan
Might have been made, in glamourous Japan;—
My refuge this, from earth's gray sordidness.

The rough stone walls, hewn out by weary hands,
Veil ponderous dullness with frail tapestry,
Now faded, yet with royal blue and red
To gleam like jewels among the paler dyes.

Velvet rugs with mystic symbols hint
Of lands where Irak maids weave silken weft,
And mingle with their toil a nomad song,
(As though it were the music painting there
The tints and lights and shadows in the web.)

The furniture, of polished ebony,
Carved by a master's hand, embossed with gold,
Catches the sunlight on its high relief,
And harbors pools of shadows in the curves.

To me, the stainéd windows vistas show
Of Fairyland: for shimmering rays
Of purple-red, of blue, of gold, and green
Transform the air into a charméd sea
Of liquid color, where one moves—or floats
Like Galatea, bathed in jewelled light.

And books are there, with creamy vellum leaves;
And instruments of music: golden lutes,
And golden harps, and organs with their pipes
Of gold, their manuals of pearl. And I
May breathe the air of many hues, and play
The magic instruments, creating hymns
Of joy, without the tedious strife to learn.

Life's prose erased, my fancy there may reign
All unrebuked; my heart and soul
Borne up in ecstasies of beauty, filled
With harmony and scent and sound—
My room of dreams.

Frances Hall England, 5.

HONOR ORGANIZATIONS

HONOR SOCIETY, FIRST TERM

The Torchbearers

THE members of the Soldan Chapter of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools are called Torchbearers. They are elected during their seventh and eighth terms by faculty ballot on the basis of Character, Scholarship, Leadership, and Service.

The honor of being elected to membership in this organization is the highest award that the faculty can bestow upon the students.

The following are the members from the Class of January, 1930.

Kenneth Bennett
Mary Boroughf
Helen Bramsch
Sylvia R. Cohen
Dorothy Compton
Grace Crowe
Jack Ellis
Mark Evans
Ida Fendelman
Edward Hammer
May Holmes
Jack Hunter
Ethyl L. Jones
Gertrude Landesman
Vrada Belle Lohmann
Billy Mathes
Viola Muench
Claudia Melville
Margaret Post
Selma Rosenberger
Sophie Schweich
Anita Seifert
William Shine
Waldo Smith
Virginia Storer
Charles Tanzer
Dorothy Weiner
Dorothy Zadow

The following are the members from the Class of June, 1930.

Hugh Anderson
Thomas Attwood
Marie Baker
Rex Becker
Ruth Burstein
David Cook
Anna Belle Drazen
George Drosten
Dorothy Epstein
Abe Gallant
Bessie Goodman
Fred Helfesrieder
Melvin Hertzman
Angie Horstkamp
Clara Belle Kelpe
Robert Kingsland
Adele Kroenlein
Joseph Lederman
Fullerton Luedde
Henry Luedde
Robert Mass
Marjorie Mayfield
Bernard Ofner
Virginia Olds
Ben Reese
Ruth Rau
Maurice Sandhofer
Walter Scheer
Anna Schreiber
Charles Silverberg
Joy Skinner
Ralph Swain
Frank Swann
Harold Welch
Susan Whitehead

HONOR SOCIETY, SECOND TERM

The Scrip Staff

We, the Scrip Staff, present this Scrip to the students of Soldan as a reflection of the past school year. We hope that those who read it will find pleasure as they turn through its pages. If so, we shall consider our efforts well worth while.

THE SCRIP STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	*SUSAN WHITEHEAD*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PAGEANT	*ELIZABETH GILBERT*
SENIOR	*RALPH SWAIN*
VERSE	*HELEN COLBURN*
FICTION	*FRANCES SCUDDER*
CLUBS	*CHARLES SILVERBERG* *HAROLD WELCH*
ATHLETICS	*EDWARD FINKLESTEIN*
TATTLER	*JACK BRASHEAR*

BUSINESS STAFF

ADVERTISING MANAGER	*CABANNE LINK*
BUSINESS MANAGER	*JOSEPH GRAVES*

TYPISTS

ALICE BENNETT	*HELEN KLEIN*
CAROLYN COX	*MARY LOVATA*

FACULTY SPONSORS

LITERARY	*MISS RUTH BECK*
ART	*MISS ELIZABETH SOUTHER*
BUSINESS	*MR. J. H. HERWIG*

Scrippage

"FOOT with bag and baggage, but with Scrip and Scrippage" from "As You Like It" is the quotation from which Mr. Powell obtained in 1917 the present name of the school paper. Although Scrippage came into existence in 1917, it was not active until 1921 when Mr. Bruce Smith became the sponsor. Since that time, Scrippage has been published weekly by the editorial staffs and the composition classes. After the death of Mr. Smith in February of 1928, Miss Ueberle accepted the sponsorship.

Scrippage Staff, 1929-1930

	First Term	Second Term
Editor-in-chief	Henry C. Hopewell	Walter E. Scheer
News Editors	Dorothy Weiner Ruth Burstein Walter Scheer	Joseph Lederman Ruth Burstein Henry C. Hopewell
Sport Editors	Keith Walker Fred Maetten Helen Bramsch	Keith Walker Fred Maetten Margaret Schaufert
Club Editors	Anita Seifert Sam Weber	Sam Weber
Humor Editors	Dorothy Compton Sam Schultz	William Slonim
Exchange Editor	Margaret Schaufert	
Typists	Ida Feldman Hannah Passen	
Distribution	Margaret Callahan Joseph Lederman Harry Kamil Melvin Hertzman	Harry Kamil Melvin Hertzman
Reporters	Members of the Scrippage Composition Class	

SCRIPPAGE STAFF, FIRST TERM

SCRIPPAGE STAFF AND REPORTERS, SECOND TERM

AGORA

The Agora

EVERY day the chairmen of all the advisory groups meet in room 130 under the sponsorship of Miss Brown. Here they attend to the numerous, mechanical, small activities which are so vital to the perfect running of the school. Taking attendance, reporting public performances, turning in money for SCRIP and *Scrippage,* and helping advisors with making out report cards are a few of their duties.

Each member of the Agora must put over the SCRIP and *Scrippage* campaign in his group. He must obtain the subscriptions, take care of the subscription cards until it is time to turn them in, collect the money, and turn it in to the treasury in 130 during the eighth hour. In addition, the chairman has to see that each subscriber receives his copy of the paper every Friday morning. Every chairman whose group has subscribed over 50% for *Scrippage* receives a free subscription.

Agora members often have basketball, football, baseball, and "movie" tickets to sell. Announcements of various sorts are made in advisory groups by the chairmen. Such things as the circulars of the Patrons' Association are distributed by the members of the Agora. Recently the Agora members helped in the tax campaign.

Most of the Agora members take the attendance in their groups. In taking the attendance they have to be especially careful because, if a person is not reported absent who should have been, ten points are taken from the "Citizenship Quotient".

Making out the "C. Q." is one of the most important duties of the Agora. The "C. Q." is rather complicated and consequently requires great care in figuring it out. The Agora always has a higher "C. Q." than any other group, but this is to be expected since the Agora is made up of representative students of the school.

The Agora is always willing to help in any school activity it can, and can always be relied upon to do its best.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Harold Welch	President	Helen Colburn
Jane Rauck, Evelyn Deutsch, Bernard Ofner	Vice-Presidents	Stanly Lopata, Selwyn Pepper, Evelyn Deutsch
Stanly Lopata	Secretary	Lalla Winningham
Abe Rothman	Assistant Secretary	Helen Bryan
Joseph Graves	Treasurer	Joseph Graves
Herman Hochstein	Assistant Treasurer	Herman Hochstein

SERVICE CLUB

The Service Club

THE Soldan Service Club, organized in 1924, functions under the direction of Miss Rasmusson. It is almost impossible to realize fully the work these boys and girls undertake. They have charge of the lines in the lunch room, and it is their duty to see that no one enters a line out of turn. They aid in the distribution of books in the library. Some of them are in the office every period to carry messages, to deliver and collect attendance lists, and to act as file clerks. Others give valuable assistance in the rest room and on the stairways.

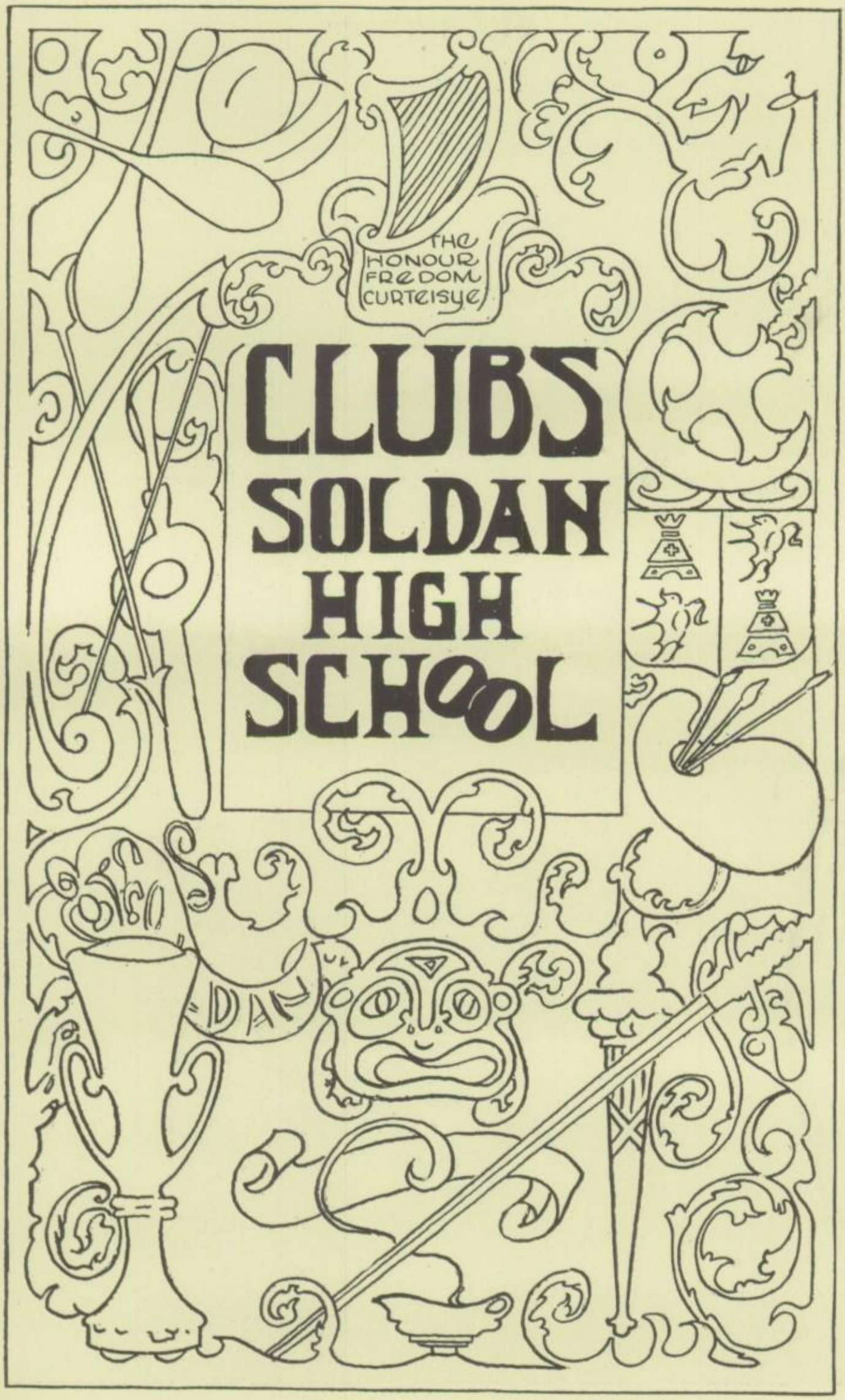
Every member of the club has some definite assigned duty but may often be called on for various extra things that help to make school life run a little more smoothly. Whenever a faculty member wants a task performed or an errand run, he asks for a Service Club member, knowing it will be done well.

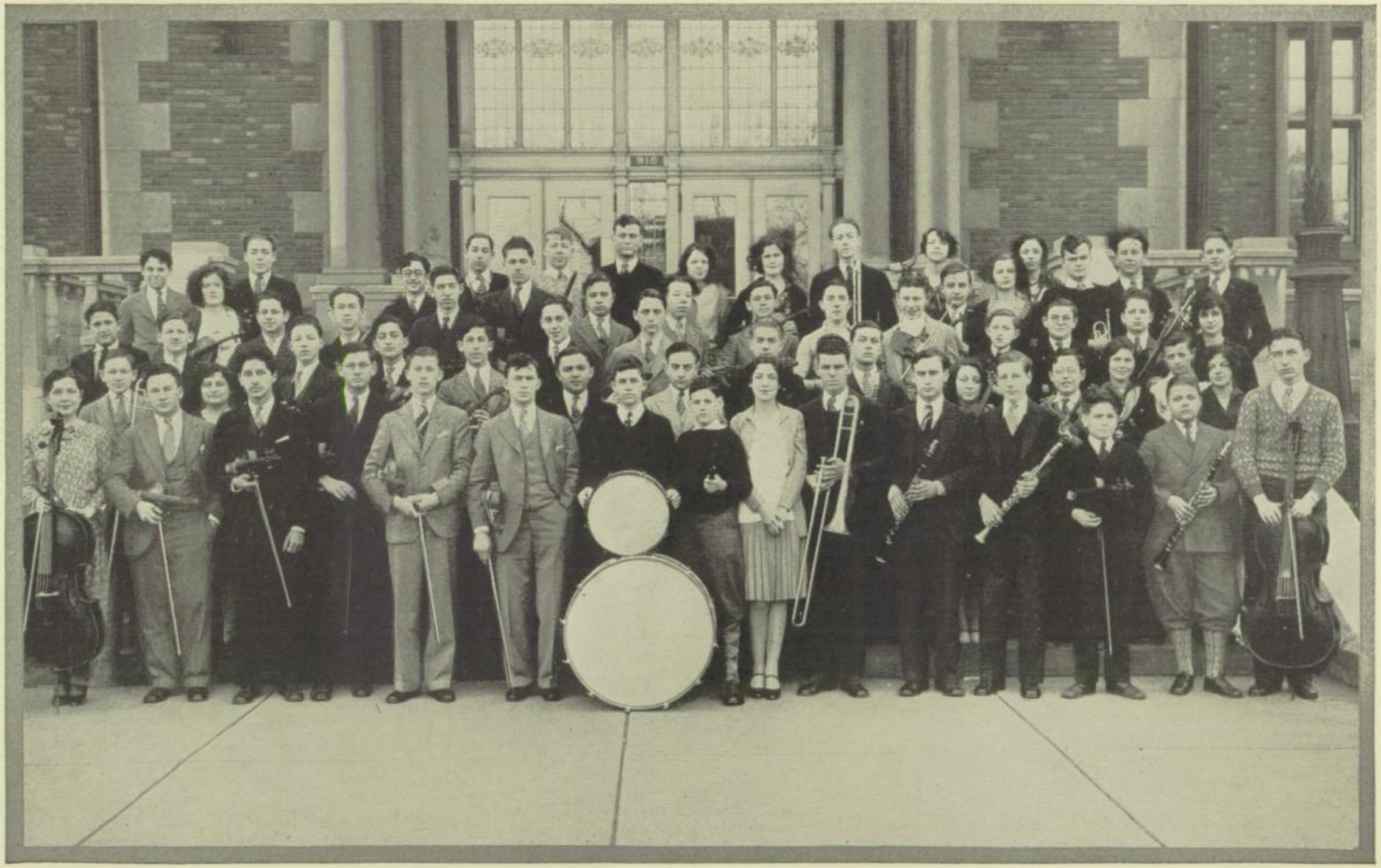
The members consist of seniors and sevens who volunteer to give up a regular period of time for service work each day and who have a scholastic record that proves them able to use the time without a sacrifice to their studies. To be eligible for appointment they must never have failed a subject; or they must have been exempt from all finals the preceding term; or they must have an average of eighty per cent in Soldan. The club has for its identification symbol an orange button with a brown S. S. C.

Present Officers

President	Abe Gallant
Vice-President	Hugh Anderson
Secretary	Joy Skinner
Treasurer	Fred Maetten

Autographs


THE
HONOUR
FREDOM
CURTEISYE
CLUBS
SOLDAN
HIGH
SCHOOL



ORCHESTRA

The Soldan Orchestra

THE Orchestra, which is one of Soldan's most popular and most active organizations, is now in its seventeenth year under the direction of Miss Teresa Finn. It was organized in the first years of the school under various directors, but it disbanded each year until Miss Finn took her place as director in 1913. Since then it has flourished.

Last term, the club gave an hour's program over radio station WIL and its program was enjoyed by everyone who heard it. They also played at the Coliseum for the Teachers' Convention and have played for school programs. At graduation the Orchestra is the outstanding organization, as it renders some very fine music at the commencement exercises.

The Soldan Orchestra is known all over Saint Louis as the best high school orchestra. The club plays some very difficult music such as "William Tell Overture," by Rassini; "Unfinished Symphony," by Schubert; "The Prophet," by Meyerbeer; and "Orpheus inder Unterwelt," by Offenbach.

One of the important features of the Soldan Orchestra and one that accounts for much of its success is the well balanced instrumentation: violins, celli, viola, clarinets, flute, trombones, trumpets, saxophones, bass, piano, and drums. The orchestra has a total enrollment of sixty-four members.

Each spring the Orchestra has a picnic where games and wieners are quite prominent.

Alvin Dinkin, one of the best workers in the orchestra and an excellent violinist and viola player, won first place in a city wide audition at the Musicians' Club, Thursday, March twentieth. Alvin was in competition with about thirty-five young musicians. The judges were Frederick Fisher and Mr. Goossens. By winning the contest, Alvin received a scholarship to a camp in Michigan where musical instruction is given in addition to physical education. The Orchestra congratulates its talented member, Alvin Dinkin, on his success in the audition and on his solo appearance at our school concert, May ninth. We also hope to feature some of our senior members, namely Abe Rovak, Morris Madden, Lucile Hay, Archie McDaniel, and Harold Welch in ensemble. This, with the Honor Society program and Graduation exercises, completes a year's work replete with interest.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Waldo Smith	President	Abe Rovak
Abe Rovak	Vice-President	Archie McDaniel
Nathan Rosenthal	Secretary	Lucile Hay
Joe Hoffman	Treasurer	Isadore Rovak
Russel Strand	Librarian	Albert Rosen

BAND

The Band

JUST listen to that piece," mused Joe, "Gee, I wish I could play some instrument so that I could join the Band."

"There is no need for you to know how to play an instrument," a voice replied. "If you are interested in music and are willing to learn to play, just see Mr. Olson, the sponsor."

Joe looked around bewildered. Where was the voice? Suddenly he discerned a queer creature in the shape of a baton, a slender little fellow with no features except a mouth.

"If you'll listen, I'll tell you what the Band has done during last term and this term."

Joe agreed and the creature began: "Last term, the Band played at all the football games. The team won the championship and went to Little Rock, Arkansas, for the Thanksgiving Day game. The Patrons' Association sent fifty members of the Band to Little Rock. The boys enjoyed the trip and appreciated it so greatly that, to show their appreciation, they gave a concert for the Patrons' Association. The boys had a very successful season in amount of work done. The student leaders are a great help to Mr. Olson because they often take charge at public performances. This season the Band has played at basketball games, "pep sessions", and in the "lunch auds". The club has a new band room in the northwest corner of the basement. According to the boys, Mr. Harley E. Olson, the sponsor, is the best sponsor in school. He takes just as much interest in the Band as the boys. Mr. Olson or "Boss", as the boys know him, plays in the Alhambra Grotto Band. He plays the saxophone, flute, and piccolo."

Joe looked up and watched the baton as it faded away. He thought he had been dreaming, but he had not, for the Band was still playing. Need it be stated that Joe joined the Band?

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Harold Welch	President	Archie McDaniel
Archie McDaniel	Vice-President	Elmer Hagemeyer
Isadore Rovak	Secretary	Isadore Rovak
Morris Miller, John Whaley	Student Leaders	Archie McDaniel, Harold Welch

CHAMINADE

The Chaminade

PIT-PAT, pit-pat"—may be heard interrupting soft strains of music every Wednesday after school. The pit-pat is the noise of the boys who are practicing for track in the third floor corridor, and the soft strains of music come from room 300 where the Chaminade girls, even with such after-school distractions, manage to practice their songs well enough to enable them to win prizes and medals.

Yes, we have been extremely busy this last year. We entertained a large group of teachers at the State Teachers' Convention. We sang at a program given at Baldwin Music Hall one dark and stormy night last December. In spite of the wind and the rain, about twenty girls gave a delightful program. Several girls took the part of Christmas carolers in a Christmas play. Members of the Chaminade sang at the Statler Hotel, netting a nice sum for the Children's Aid Society in the Christmas Carol Association. Then, too, the Chaminade and Glee Club, on the last day of school before Christmas vacation, caroled in the Soldan halls singing the old Christmas songs.

But this is just a small part of the work we do. Don't pity us and talk about how hard the Chaminade girls are worked. Just remember that as we work we enjoy ourselves, for our able and efficient sponsor, Miss Finn, mixes business and pleasure successfully.

Last term we had a get-together for new members. Cecile Fuld and Muriel Jones entertained us with vocal and piano solos. A sister of one of our members gave us several delightful vocal selections also. Then we adjourned to the lunch room to enjoy the "eats".

The club has, as its special song, a piece called "My Creed". Doubtless many of you have heard it. It has not only a beautiful and simple tune but inspiring words as well. With the study of a number of attractive new songs this term, we are looking forward to a successful concert which we will give in May.

This term the club resumed activity with renewed enthusiasm and many plans. Among them was a Chaminade dance which was given on March 20. It was one of the most successful dances in several years. We admitted to the club thirty-two new members and now our membership totals eighty-eight—all hard working and cheerful girls.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Anna Ray Fitch	President	Adele Kroenlein
Cecile Fuld	Vice-President	Margaret Schaufert
Grace Elliot	Secretary	Lucetta Drosten
Virginia Storer	Treasurer	Jane Noel

JUNIOR CHAMINADE

The Junior Chaminade

THE Junior Chaminade, which celebrated its first birthday last September, has steadily increased in number and popularity. The club is under the sponsorship of Miss McGrew. Florence Schechter, our accompanist, has done much for the betterment of the club, and we are exceedingly grateful to her for giving up one afternoon a week to play for us. In the four try-outs held at the opening of the term, thirty-seven new members were admitted into the club, bringing the total enrollment to fifty-six. Last term we had forty-eight. A pleasant surprise was in store for us this term in the reduction of the dues from fifty cents a term to twenty-five cents, with an initiation fee of twenty-five cents. The club meets every Tuesday afternoon in room 130.

The purpose of the Junior Chaminade is to train the voices of the girls, especially those of the altos and second sopranos, in singing three part songs. When they become fifth termers, the girls are tried out for admittance into the Chaminade. Fourteen graduated into the Chaminade in September and twenty in January. We are sorry to lose these earnest workers, but we rejoice in their promotion and wish them all luck.

The club has had one public performance to its credit, having entertained the Mothers' Club with Christmas Carols just before Christmas. Many of the members were also among the chorus which sang for the Teachers' Convention at the Coliseum in November. A very delightful dance was given on December twentieth.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Helen Ross	President	Jane Schwartz
Jere Hanger	Vice-President	Elinor Caplinger
Mary Virginia Covington	Secretary	Ruth Baker
Jane Gammons	Treasurer	Babette Sklower

GLEE CLUB

Soldan Glee Club

ONE of the most popular rooms in Soldan is 124. Here, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at eight o'clock, one hears music representing refinement of tone, enthusiasm, and correct interpretation of musical settings with relation to texts. Seventy-five boys meet regularly and study the best musical literature under the most capable leadership of Mr. William John Hall, and the Glee Club masters the art of artistic shading from the daintiest pianissimo to the big deep tone of an organ.

The Glee Club has for several years stood at the top of all similar organizations, and is a great favorite with the musical public. The enthusiasm of their singing is contagious, lifting up their hearers to a spirit of joy and pleasure.

The a capella work of this organization has also been most heartily commended. The balance of tone work throughout the entire club has been worked out scientifically by Mr. Hall.

The club is always invited to participate in athletic meetings, Parent-Teachers' meetings, and State Teachers' Association Conventions, and also in concerts with the Symphony Orchestra.

There is a selected group called the Troubadours, representing the most experienced singers. They receive many invitations to sing at special concerts.

The club has sung this season at the Yale Bowl presentation; the Senior Stunt Day program; with the Symphony Orchestra at the Arena; and is planning several appearances later in the season. The Glee Club also gave a very successful dance, one of its semi-annual affairs.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
William Bray	President	James Chartrand
Earl Blankenmeister	Vice-President	Robert Gardiner
James Chartrand	Secretary	Robert Hilliard
William Livingston	Treasurer	Jack McGregor
Robert Hilliard	Librarian	Dave Thornton

The Junior Boys' Glee Club

HE Junior Boys' Glee Club, organized on March 12, 1930, with Miss Ernst as sponsor, meets every Wednesday afternoon in room 124. The club is composed of twenty-two boys who have good, but for the most part, untrained voices. The club offers an opportunity to train voices for the Soldan Glee Club. Many of the boys have been in the Blewett Glee Club and two of the boys did solo work there.

Shortly after organizing, the boys entertained the Patrons' Association at their meeting March 20. Although the club membership is comparatively small, the voices have good volume. The boys are willing and ready to participate in any program where they are needed.

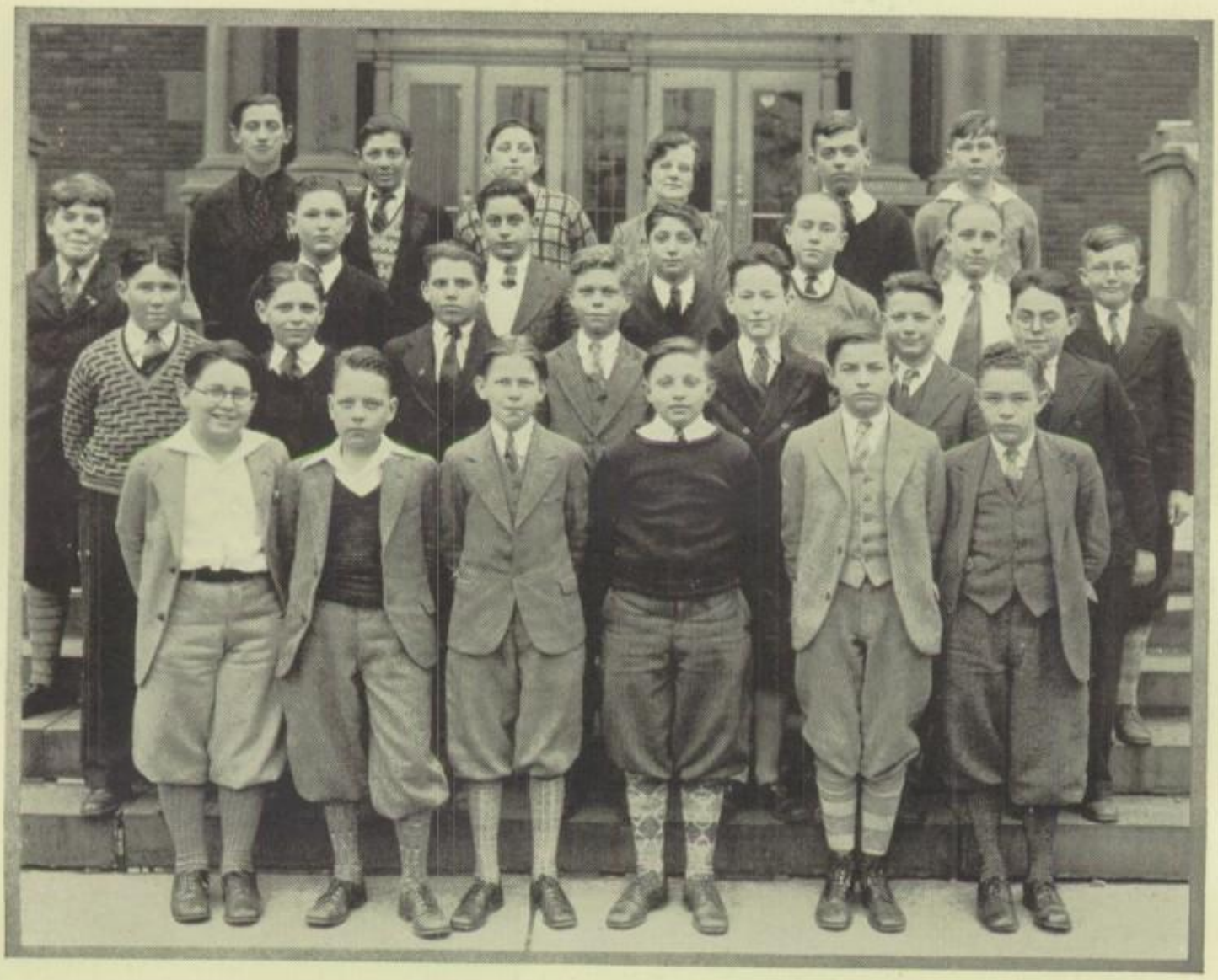
The club is most grateful to Jean Eden, the accompanist, for her willing help. The officers for this term are: Burton Kemp, president; Hyman Faire, vice-president; Robert Kennedy, secretary; Edward J. Keller, treasurer; Harold Biggs, librarian; and Dick Eastham, assistant librarian.

The Music Appreciation Club

HE Music Appreciation Club was organized this term under the leadership of Miss Cameron with the following officers: George Harrison, president; Margaret Allan, vice-president; James Chartrand, secretary; Eunice Koeppe, treasurer; Russell Strand, program chairman. The purpose of this club is to give the members an opportunity to develop assurance and appreciation through participation in musical programs. The inability of a student to render adequately the compositions of the great masters need not prevent his appreciation of such music. At the bi-monthly meetings the life and work of a composer will be briefly reviewed and several of his compositions rendered.

"The mastering of the technique of this or that musical instrument is not the sum total of musical education—if musicians were to be measured only by the compositions they can play, very few would have a clear title to the name—it is above and beyond that, the acquired faculty to understand and appreciate music played by others.

"As the companionship of good works of visible art cultivates the appreciation and refines the taste; as the companionship of good books elevates and refines the mind; so the rendition of good music awakens the soul to its beauties and broadens and deepens the sympathetic understanding of its meaning."



JUNIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

DRAMATIC GUILD

The Dramatic Guild

HIS introduces to you the Soldan Dramatic Guild, which has just completed a successful term.

"Mistletoe and Hollyberry" was selected as the most outstanding of the traditional Christmas plays. An added feature was "The Ambitious Guest" which was presented for the School Exhibit, and at special request for a short entertainment for a meeting of the Mother's Club.

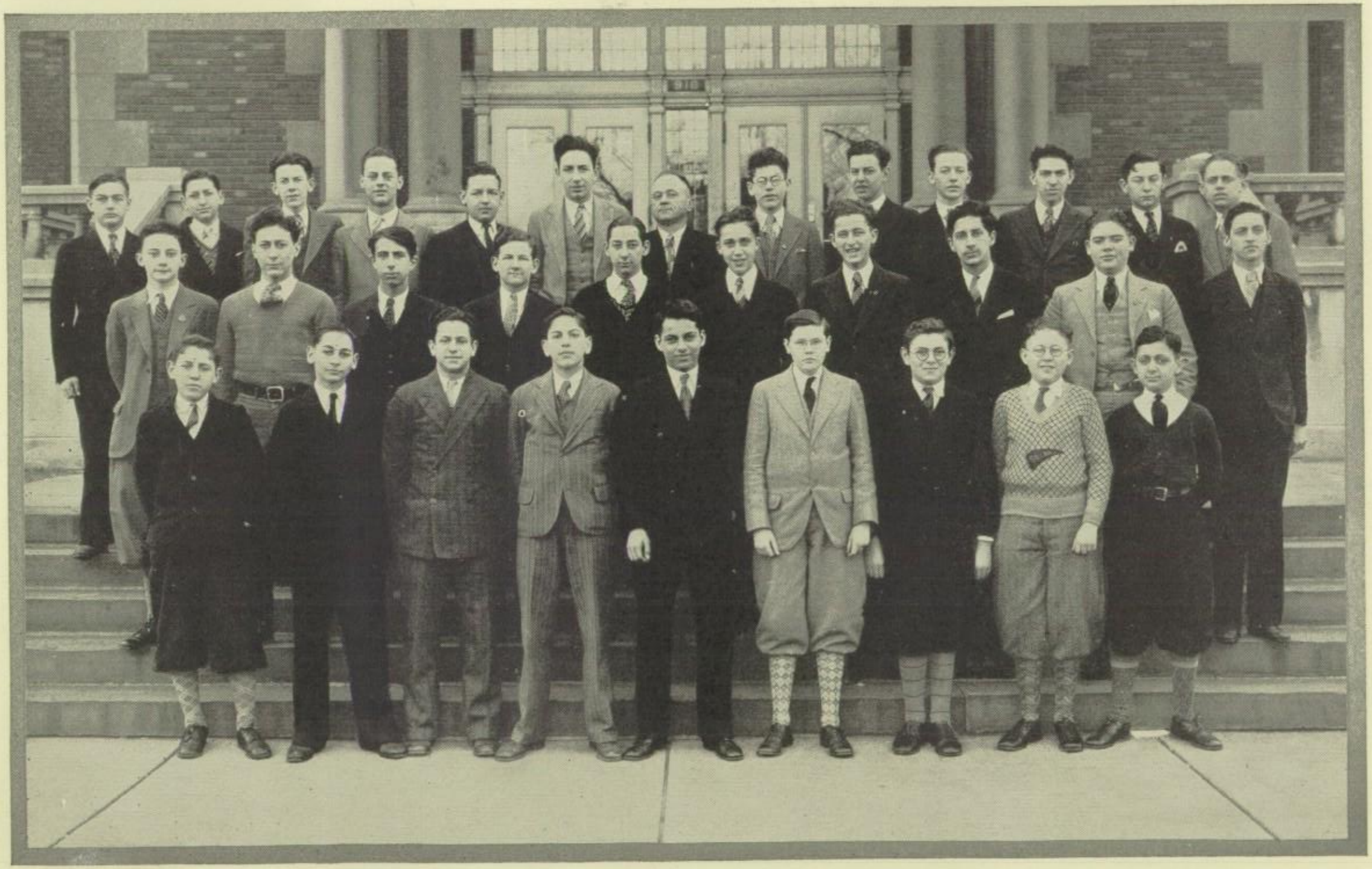
Many interesting and new plans have been made by the Guild and Miss Lucas, the sponsor. Miss Lucas was a former student in The School of the Chicago Art Theater, under the direction of Mr. Ivan Lazareff (of the Moscow Art Theatre).

Among these new plans is one in particular, the giving of a night performance of a full length play. After long consideration, "Nancy Ann", a comedy in three acts by Dorothy Heyward was chosen for this performance. "Nancy Ann" was the Harvard Prize Play in 1924 and was produced in New York, starring the clever young actress, Francine Larrimore. This play as far as we know has never before been given in St. Louis by either professionals or amateurs. As this goes to press, the cast is working extremely hard.

The Cast

Nancy Angeline Van Cuyler Farr.....Nancy Price
Aunt Nancy (Mrs. Webster).....Grace Crowe
Aunt Angeline (Mrs. Chiverick).....Jocelyn Taylor
Aunt Kate (Miss Van Cuyler).....Virginia Olds
Aunt Emily (Mrs. Fleming).....Mary Evelyn Campbell
Miss Dexter—a reporter.....Adele Kroenlein
Binner—Aunt Nancy's butler.....Bob Roth
Sidney Brian—theatrical producer.....Abe Gallant
Dan Dennis—his publicity manager.....George Boyer
Miss Billie Claridge.....Phyllis Abrams
Miss Lulu Treman.....Lois Moore
Miss Beth Worthington.....Betty Ogden
Mr. Llewylln.....Armen Bedros Athanassian
A Playwright.....Dan Mandel
A Waiter.....Leo Fink
Jerry O'Connell.....Albert Steinbaum

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Grace Crowe	President	Virginia Olds
Jack Hunter	Vice-President	Abe Gallant
Nina Dake	Secretary	Lois Moore
Earl Blankenmeister	Treasurer	Jane Symons



The Rostrum

AND therefore, my friends, we of the Affirmative are convinced that installment buying is a most desirable plan of purchasing. If our opponents feel that installment buying is so destructive to society, let them submit a better plan."

Applause followed, which was only natural. But we must admit that it is encouraging to receive applause after so much effort has been expended.

The majority of the programs presented at the Rostrum meetings consists of debates, but very often talks are given or extemporaneous debates are held. The purpose of these programs and the purpose of the Rostrum is to teach the members to speak fluently and forcefully, and to express their thoughts clearly.

Under the sponsorship of Mr. Mathie, this has been a most successful year for the Rostrum. All the members of this year's debating team are also members of the Rostrum, a fact which shows that their training in the club has aided them in securing places on the team representing Soldan. This has also been a successful year for the Rostrum in the matter of membership. A fine growth in interest in forensic activities at Soldan has resulted in a record enrollment of thirty-five boys in the club, and many more are anxious to join.

A number of very fine debates were held this year, notably, the ones with the Athenæum and with the teams from Webster High School. Almost every member of the Rostrum participated in at least one of the verbal encounters and all have profited from them.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Abe Gallant	President	Milton Goldstein
Robert Brooks	Vice-President	Melvin Hertzman
Melvin Hertzman	Secretary	Selwyn Pepper
Milton Goldstein	Treasurer	Oscar Sanowsky

The Debating Team

THE debating team of 1930 defeated both Central and Cleveland, but lost the Princeton Cup by one point. Tryouts for speakers were held last term and, after much deliberation by a committee of teachers, the following teams were chosen: affirmative — Milton Goldstein, Abe Gallant, Wallace Oliver, and Elliot Gillerman (alternate); negative — Selwyn Pepper, Melvin Hertzman, Robert Brooks, and Fred Maetten (alternate). The teams immediately began to read on the question that had been chosen for debate, Resolved: That present conditions justify the recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States. After studying every angle of the question, the boys began work on their constructive speeches and, with the help of Coach Mathie, Mr. Butcher, and Mr. Gummersheimer, drilled on rebuttal and speaking technique.

On March 28, the affirmative team met Cleveland at Soldan; and the negative team met Central at Yeatman. The affirmative team won a 2-1 decision and the negative a unanimous decision. At the same time Roosevelt won both of their debates unanimously. This gave Roosevelt the Princeton Cup, the score being 6-5 although Soldan had won two debates the same as Roosevelt.

The Athenaeum

THE Athenæum is a girls' debating club, organized for the purpose of developing initiative and the power of quick thinking. All girls who are in or beyond their third school term and who have a "G" average in English are eligible for membership. The meetings are held every Wednesday after school.

After a subject has been debated, a general discussion follows, extending to all the members an equal opportunity for expressing their opinions.

On April 23, the Athenæum held an inter-club debate with the Rostrum on the subject, "Resolved, that the Jury System Should Be Abolished in the United States." The boys upheld the affirmative while the girls upheld the negative. The success of the club is due to the work of Miss Mott, the sponsor.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Helen Colburn	President	Eva Shklear
Sylvia Cohen	Vice-President	Elsie Gollub
Elsie Gollub	Secretary-Treasurer	Ruth Eisenstein

The Round Table

THE Soldan Round Table, one of the oldest and most popular of the organizations in the school, is limited in membership to thirty girls, who endeavor, in their weekly meetings, to gain a more extensive knowledge of the literature of the ages.

At the present time the subject of the regular programs is the history of the drama from the festivals in ancient Greece through the outstanding plays of modern times. These programs have included reviews of some of the American, English, and Continental dramas.

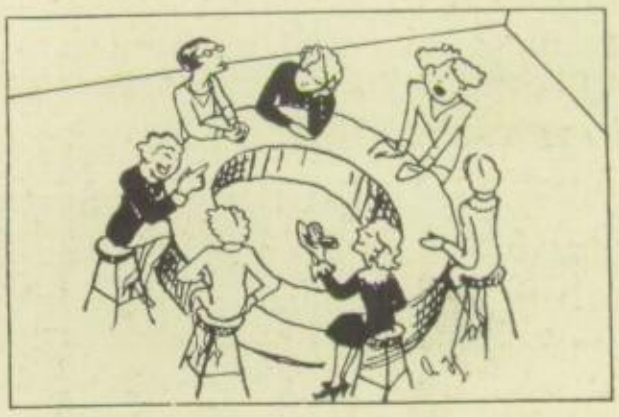
Without forgetting the serious aim of the club, the members manage to have several social functions during each term. Of these, the Mothers' Tea and the New Jay Party are usually the most enjoyable.

The influence of the Round Table is felt in all Soldan and has even reached England through the correspondence of the members with girls of that country.

A successful applicant for membership must be in terms from three to seven, must have had a "G" average in English for the preceding term, and must have attended three meetings and a social.

Much of the success of the Round Table may be attributed to Miss George, the sponsor, and to the several officers.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Gertrude Landesman	President	Susan Whitehead
Susan Whitehead	Vice-President	Frances Teeters
Virginia Storer	Secretary	Nelle Kirkpatrick
Dorothy Zadow	Treasurer	Elizabeth Gilbert



ROUND TABLE, FIRST TERM

ROUND TABLE, SECOND TERM

The Soldan Writers' Club

WO forty-five on Thursday,
Every eye fixed on the door,
The bell—a whoop, a scramble—
The long school day is o'er.
Two eleven fills up again,
A ninth hour class, you say?
But no, this crowd is merry,
'Tis not for that they stay—
For sure, were that their purpose,
Their faces sad would be;
But stern Miss Yoffie wears a smile
Before this company.
"The club please come to order,
Sit down—there, that's the way;
Your poetry write upon the board,
Any stories for today?"
Oh, 'tis the famous Writers' Club!
Why then, let's stay a while,
For many a pleasant afternoon
We might this way beguile;
And then, a useful afternoon
No doubt 'twill prove to be,
For these are tomorrow's writers;
Their names we're sure to see—
A boon indeed to spend an hour
With this choice company!

The Craft Club

HE Craft Club is a group of Boy Scouts who meet in room B-26 every Tuesday afternoon immediately after school. The club was formed to enable Boy Scouts to qualify for the various scout craft merit badges, such as archery, cement work, wood carving, and leather work.

Any boy who is a member in good standing in any registered scout troop is invited to become a member. The membership of the club, which is limited to twenty, is filled at present.

The club owes its success to its very able sponsor, Mr. McClellan.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Victor Frank	President	Thomas Attwood
Thomas Attwood	Vice-President	Bernard Mundt
George Drosten	Secretary-Treasurer	Rex Becker
Melvin Hertzman	Scrippage Reporter	Victor Frank
Rex Becker	Quartermaster	George Drosten

WRITERS' CLUB

CRAFT CLUB

The Classical Club

DSUM! Mirabile dictu! Veni, Vidi, Vici! What means this Latin? The Classical Club of Soldan is in session with the secretary calling the roll, the answers coming from a distant past.

The Classical Club, begun in September 1929, is a resumption of a club of the same name which existed in Soldan eight years ago. A committee of students desiring a club of this sort petitioned Miss Waney to sponsor the organization and were very much delighted with her kind acceptance. Since then, the club has grown both in size and activity.

These programs deal with the prominent writers of Rome such as Virgil, Cicero, and Cato. The public buildings, roads, games, and worship of the Romans are also subjects of very interesting talks.

The pin excites quite a bit of curiosity because it is so different from the usual club emblem. It is a gold fasces, which was a symbol of power to the ancient Romans.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Charles Silverberg	President	Charles Silverberg
Sam Weber	Vice-President	Sam Weber
Joy Skinner	Secretary-Treasurer	Joy Skinner
Dorothy Zadow	Program Chairman	Daniel Mandel

Fleur de Lis

THE Fleur de Lis, Soldan's French club, was organized in October 1929, by a group of progressive French students. The club is now in its second term and, under the direction of Miss Harris, has flourished.

Many of the members subscribed to "Le Petit Journal", a French bi-weekly, and have established correspondence with boys and girls of France who are students of English.

During the past term, the Fleur de Lis held several joint meetings with the French Club of Beaumont High School. At one of these sessions, Professor Donay, instructor of French at Washington University, spoke in French to the combined clubs on the French people and French customs.

The members of the Fleur de Lis take this opportunity to express their gratitude to the officers for their splendid work in organizing and launching the club.

Officers for the Year

President ..... Dudley Weinberg
Vice-President ..... Florence Wise
Secretary ..... Selwyn Pepper
Treasurer ..... Laura Mae Prawiz

SPANISH CLUB

Los Castellanos

"LOS Castellanos" es el nombre del club español que todas las semanas se reune en la clase no. 306. Durante el semestre de otoño el club aprendió canciones españolas y las cantaron en la convención de los profesores del estado de Missouri y también en una asamblea de los padres de los alumnos de la Escuela Soldán.

Durante el semestre de primavera, el club tuvo muchos programas interesantes. En la primera sesión tuvimos vistas bellas de Méjico, que nos las explicó el señor Maya, el director del club. En otras sesiones se cantaron canciones españolas y algunos miembros del club hablaron de los paises españoles y de la literatura española. Este ano esperamos que el club, "Los Castellanos", represente muchas comedias y que todos los miembros del club se entretengan y tomen parte en las actividades de "Los Castellanos."

Primer semestre	Directiva	Segundo semestre
May Holmes	Presidente	Isadore Davis
Margaret Callahan	Vicepresidente	Mary Elizabeth Jones
Charles Tanzer	Secretario	Alma Holzhausen
Frank Swann	Tesorero	Elliot Cowden

Der Deutsche Verein

EINE Gruppe deutscher Schüler, ein und zwanzig in Zahl, hat im Zimmer 320 am Mittwoch dem sechs und zwanzigsten November, 1929, die deutsche Gesellschaft, die "Der deutsche Verein" genannt werden sollte reorganisiert. Der Zweck dieses Vereins ist den deutschen Schülern in der Soldan Schule eine Gelegenheit zu geben sich in der deutschen Sprache zu üben. Die Programme bei den Zusammenkünften des deutschen Vereins sind verschiedenartig. Lieder werden gesungen, Gedichte werden deklamiert, Geschichten werden erzählt, und Rätsel und Anekdoten werden vorgetragen. Nach einiger Zeit hoffen wir ein deutsches Lustspiel aufzuführen. Die Vorsteherin des deutschen Vereins ist Fräulein Willemsen.

Erstes Semester	Beamten	Zweites Semester
Joseph Lederman	Präsident	Harry Teitlebaum
Morris Wolf	Vize-Präsident	Jesse Berns
Florence Wise	Secretärin und Schatzmeisterin	Zelda Adelstein
Fred Maetten	Scrippage Repräsentant	Joseph Lederman

The Soldan Aero Club

AFTER working steadily since last summer, the boys of the Aero Club completed their glider on the first anniversary of the club. The glider was given a test flight by Mr. Mitch- of the Detroit Aviation Company. Later the members of the club started taking "hops". Here is where much difficulty and many crack-ups were experienced. The ship was repaired again and again. Each of the members is trying to qualify for a third class glider pilots' license.

The club has been taking an active part in the forming of the St. Louis Glider and Model Association. This is a city-wide organization in which students and members of high school aero clubs are members. The association meets every second Thursday at the Curtiss-Wright flying service offices. They are to have a club room at the newly completed Curtiss-Steinberg airport.

Mr. Hussey is the new sponsor of the club. The officers of the club are: Darwin Siegel, president; Elliot Couden, secretary; Gardner Dodd, treasurer, '29; Cedric Evans, treasurer, '30; and Ralph Allen, sergeant-at-arms.

Chemistry Club

THIS year the Soldan Chemical Society is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. The club was formed on May 1, 1915, when a petition signed by Mr. Buchanon, Mr. Kruh, Mr. Teeters, and sixty students, was sent to Mr. Powell, requesting a charter for the organization of the Soldan Chemistry Club. Under the leadership of these men the club advanced rapidly. In 1925 Miss Voit accepted the sponsorship. She was succeeded by Mr. Weisert in September, 1928. However, Miss Voit again became sponsor when Mr. Weisert left Soldan last September.

The highest aim of the club is to promote interest in chemistry and allied sciences, and to show the importance of science in our everyday life. To further this idea, the club has talks and demonstrations by both members and outsiders.

We have the use of the moving picture machine and show many interesting and instructive pictures, such as "Liquid Air", "Bituminous Coal", and "Pillars of Salt". We also visit several manufacturing plants and factories, such as the St. Louis Ice Cream Co., Pevely Dairy, and Scullin Steel Works.

Each year many of the Chemistry Club members turn in essays for the National Chemical Essay Contest. Usually, we have been very fortunate in having at least one state winner. Last year was our banner year. Douglas Martin succeeded in winning the national prize, which entitled him to a complete college course free of charge. He selected the Rolla School of Mines and is now attending that institution. Samuel Schultz and Alexander Langsdorf won the state contests, which entitled them to twenty dollars in gold. The returns for this year's contests have not been released, but we hope to be even more successful than last year.

However, we do not spend all of our time with chemistry, but enjoy many dances, picnics, and "feeds".

First Term	Officers	Second Term
William Livingston	President	Robert Mass
Daniel Hollander	Vice-President	Henry Weiner
Cecile Fuld	Treasurer	Robert Krumenacher
Annabel Drazen	Secretary	Annabel Drazen
Nelson Stom	Librarian	William Ried

CHEMISTRY CLUB, FIRST TERM

CHEMISTRY CLUB, SECOND TERM

Soldan Botanical Club

THE Botanical Club is rounding out its twenty-first year. We believe that the club, with a history as long as the school's, has a proportional record of achievement. Included in the club's program are field trips to points of natural interest in the St. Louis region, addresses by prominent nature students of the city, and talks by members of the club about their own experiences or about articles they have read.

Members for the school year 1929-1930 are:

Ralph Swain*, president, '29-'30; John Whaley*, vice-president, '29; Harry Weier, vice-president, '30; James Oliver, secretary, '29, sergeant-at-arms, '30; Leonard Lloyd, secretary, '30; Virginia McCormick*, treasurer, '29 - '30; Virginia Withington*, sergeant-at-arms, '29. Robert Veitch, Francis Smith, John Sweeny, Dudley Weinberg, Virginia Bosse, Rose Buxner, Kathleen Hicks, Rex Anderson, Edmund Gottschalk, Elizabeth Ham, Jean Johnson, Bertram Black, Nancy Rutledge, Estelle Pritzker, Virginia Harszy, Jack Ferguson, Carolyn Witter, Linscott Hall, Sam Cohen, Alma Holzhausen, William Kenniston, Lura Fowler, Nathan Kohn, Wilma Deneth, De Vera Grossman, Francis Fulton, Gertrude Maltz, Robert Bell, Jerome Klein.

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*Denotes a Soldan Seal.

The Camera Club

IF you were to enter room 117 any Wednesday after school, you would see a group of fifteen boys, all intensely interested in the study of photography. They speak the language of the photographer. *Hypo, pyro, ferrotype,* and many other such words, often meaningless to the great mass of people, are an important part of their vocabulary. In their study of photography and its allied subjects, they study chemistry, physics, art, mechanics, and many of the leading sciences of the world.

Each month a photo contest is held of which Mr. Lyon is the judge. At the following meeting Mr. Lyon shows the pictures on the screen and discusses each, pointing out the good and bad points and making suggestions as to ways of improving them. Members have made photographs and lantern slides for SCRIP and *Scrippage*.

Although most of the members own equipment of their own, the club also has the use of the well equipped dark-room of the Physics Department. A great deal of help is found in the two magazines, "Photo-Era" and "American Photography", to which the club subscribes.

The officers for this year are the following: William Livingston '29, Jerre Manning '30, president; Alfred Krause, vice-president; Harry Petty, secretary.

The Pickering Club

THE Pickering Club, Soldan's well-known astronomical organization, under the sponsorship of Mr. Alfred Davis, is enjoying one of the best terms of its existence. The club, at present, is chiefly interested in two subjects of prime astronomical importance, namely the Einstein Theory of Relativity and the discovery of a ninth major planet beyond the orbit of Neptune. This planet is reported to be of the fifteenth magnitude and is too faint to be observed with the club's four and one-half inch refracting telescope.

The members of the Pickering Club use their telescope to advantage. At frequent intervals the club gives what are called "star trips". On these trips, the members scan the skies and become familiar with the various stars and constellations.

The Pickering Club is a member of the "Astronomical Society of the Pacific" and a life member of the "American Association of Variable Star Observers", and receives all of the latest literature put out by these important world organizations. The club owns a reference library in which information in regard to astronomical subjects may be found.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Kenneth Bennett	President	Maurice Tucker
Dudley Weinberg	Vice-President	Bertram Black
David Rothman	Secretary	Lalla Winningham
Logan Waterman	Treasurer	Stanley Lopata
Clarence Robyn	Librarian	David Rothman

Camp Fire Girls

THE vow of the Camp Fire Organization is:

"I desire to become a Camp Fire Girl and to follow the laws of the fire which are: Seek Beauty, Give Service, Pursue Knowledge, Be Trustworthy, Hold on to Health, Glorify Work, Be Happy. These laws I will strive to follow."

Their watchword is Wohelo, a word made from the first two letters of the words, *work, health* and *love*. They furnish a program for living.

There are three ranks of the Camp Fire Girls. They are Woodgatherer, Fire Maker, and Torch Bearer. When a girl has won these ranks, she is considered an ideal.

Three years ago the Camp Fire group of Soldan was organized. During these years many Soldan girls have enjoyed camping trips, hikes, and other projects of the group. This year the members have been making beautiful scarfs of batik and tie and dye. Leather tooling and painting have been a part of the program.

The success of the club is largely due to Miss Raebel, the sponsor. The officers for the year are: Vera Badger, president; Elizabeth Grover, '29; Flora Hauhart, '30, secretary; Claire O'Neil, treasurer.

PICKERING CLUB

CAMPFIRE GIRLS

ART APPRECIATION CLUB

Art Appreciation Club

COME and join the Art Club. We assure you that you will have a good time. No, you don't have to be an artist.

We members of the Art Club are learning how to appreciate art by attending the special lectures given at the City Art Museum by Miss Powell, and by asking our sponsor, Miss Hazeltine, many and varied questions.

Our club meets on Thursday; alternate weeks we leave room 323 to take trips to the Art Museum. Last term we visited the Art Bazaar at Washington University. The work of many of the art students was exhibited on the first floor, and by special permission we were allowed to visit the second floor where many of the students were at work. Washington University has an art course for young students on Saturday mornings. Some of our members decided to take advantage of this art study.

Any person missing four meetings in succession is dropped from the club list. Either boys or girls may join and it is not necessary to study art or to know how to draw. The only club requirements are to pay the dues (fifty cents per term) and to be an active and interested member.

We certainly are proud of our pins. You've seen them, I am sure; a little gold palette inscribed with the letters A. A. C. and attached by a chain to a tiny golden "S". To receive a pin, new members must come ten meetings in succession and old members five meetings.

We have about twenty-nine members at present and also a small waiting list. At the end of the term we are planning to have a grand picnic.

Now, after reading this, I am sure you are eager to join, but since we have a full membership, you will have to wait until next term to "appreciate art with the Art Appreciation Club."

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Lillian Byrd	President	Jennylouise White
Corinne Potter	Vice-President	Jane Rauck
Jennylouise White	Secretary	Virginia Bowers
Jennylouise White	Treasurer	Lucetta Drosten

SAMMIES AND SUSIES

Sammies and Susies

BANG! Boom! Bang! "Please come to order," Sammy Weier shouted to the crowd of ninety Sammies and Susies.

Gradually the commotion subsided and the room became calm.

"Are there any suggestions for club programs?"

No response.

"It has been suggested that we have a program based on club activities, such as a talk by a member of a science club or a musical selection by a member of one of the glee clubs. Are there any suggestions?"

Sammy Meyers jumped up and firmly declared, "I think that idea is punk!"

"Well, if that idea is so terrible, why don't you think of some plan for a program?" a Susie asked saucily.

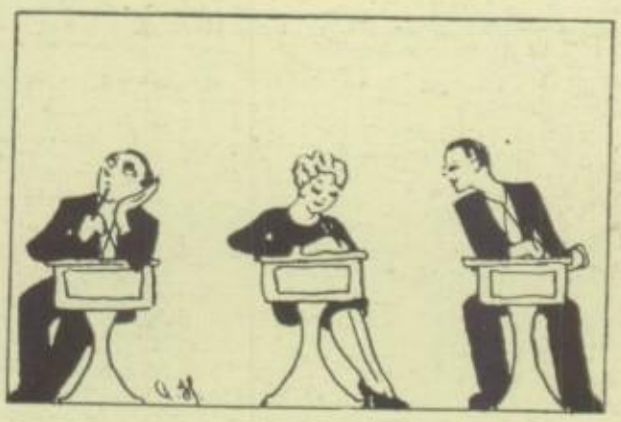
Since no other plans were suggested, the executive committee decided that the programs at the regular meetings during the spring term would be based on club activities.

During the fall term, the Triple S's gave a reception in the gym for all new students from schools outside of St. Louis. The "O" committee, under the leadership of May Holmes, welcomed many new students during the entire term.

This term the club meets on Monday, alternating with the Classical Club, and there are dues of fifty cents per term. The Triple S's sponsored a reception in the lunchrooms for all new students at the beginning of the term.

Eleven Sammies and Susies assisted in the eighty-five cents tax campaign.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Grace Crowe	President	Harry Weier
Loren Blaney	Vice-President	Dorothy Epstein
Anna Ray Fitch	Secretary	Alma Holzhausen
John Whaley	Treasurer	Harry Kamil



PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The Philatelic Society

THE little new jay was perturbed. He wanted to join the Philatelic Society, but he didn't know what it was. He went to ask Sam Myers, president of the club. "Say, Sam, how do you pronounce the name of that club Miss Levy sponsors? What does it mean?"

Sam, with all his friendly beneficence, put his arm over the new jay's shoulder. "My lad," he said, "the word philatelic is an adjective coming from the word philately, which is derived from the Greek *philos* and *ateleia* meaning, oh, exempt from tax. Philately traces its beginning back quite a few years; in fact, from the first postage stamp. The persons interested in philately are called philatelists. Quite simple. Do you understand?" The new jay was too overwhelmed to say no, and, in despair, he answered, "Yes, certainly."

A few days later this same new jay again summoned up his courage, this time approaching Arvel Franz, vice-president of the club, with the same question. Arvel, realizing his opportunity to demonstrate his knowledge of philately, commenced, "The word philatelic is derived from the Greek w—" The new jay dashed away. "A queer bird, that," thought Arvel as he walked on.

A week later the same new jay accosted the worthy secretary, who answered, "Why of course I'll tell you." (When did George Brightman ever refuse to answer a poor, homeless, little new jay?) The new jay was very suspicious; rightfully so after his two previous attempts to garner information from other officers of the club. He lost his courage and fled. "A most peculiar specimen," reflected George.

One month and three days later in a final desperate attempt, the new jay accosted Margaret Watkins, treasurer of the club, and demanded, "What is the Philatelic Society?"

"Oh, you mean the Stamp Club," said Margaret. "Why, why, it's the Stamp Club, of course." "Thanks," said the new jay.

No longer a new jay but a "two" and a member of the Philatelic Society, our hero was confronted by a new jay who demanded to know, "What is the Philatelic Society?" The "two" saw his opportunity. Revenge! With avidity he began, "The name Philatelic is derived from the Greek words—"

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Louis Reich	President	Sam Myers
Sam Myers	Vice-President	Arvel Franz
William Slonim	Secretary	George Brightman
Arvel Franz	Treasurer	Margaret Watkins

The Chess Club

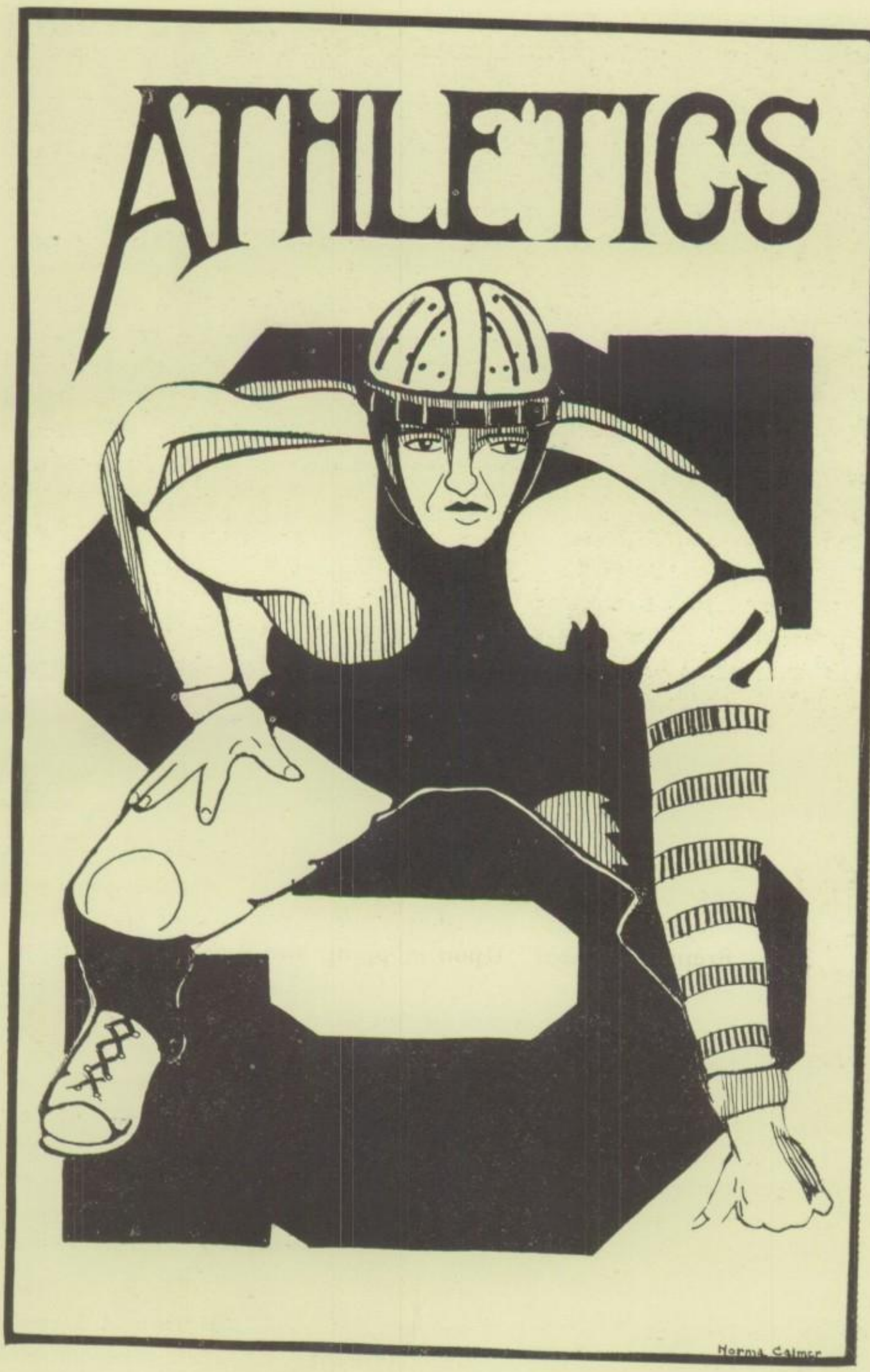
IF you pass room 305 some Friday after school you will hear such things as, "Milt, think I'd gain by swapping a knight and a pawn for a bishop?" or, "Why don't you try the French defense?" Upon stopping and glancing in, you will see a group of boys bent over, with their foreheads resting on their hands. Perhaps they are in the midst of a club tournament or perhaps just practicing for the inter-scholastic chess match.

Most of these boys are not just beginners at the game, but are players who know the fine points of this ancient sport and who are able to defeat anyone in the city or county high schools. They have proved their supremacy by easily outplaying teams from Clayton and Roosevelt. It is the aim of the club to organize an inter-scholastic chess league.

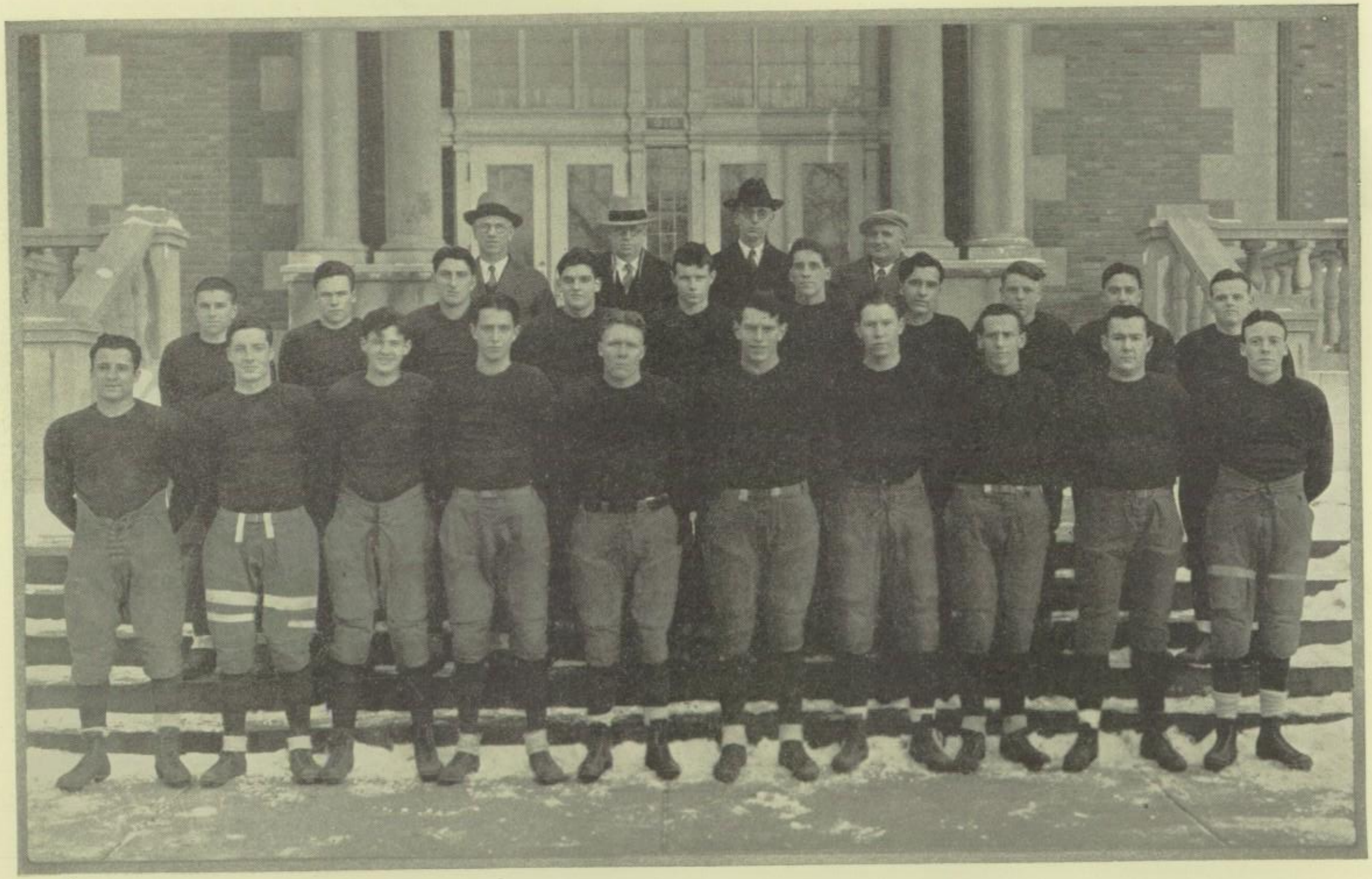
Mr. Mathie, one of the players in the city tournament, is the sponsor.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Marion McDermott	President	Marion McDermott
Logan Waterman	Vice-President	Fred Maetten
Milton Goldstein	Secretary	Logan Waterman
Milton Goldstein	Treasurer	Sidney Littmann

ATHLETICS



Norma Calmer



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

SOLDAN made 1929 another banner year in its football history by capturing its second straight championship. Building around a nucleus of five lettermen, Coach Cook whipped into shape a team which went through its regular schedule without the loss of a single game. However, in a post-season game at Little Rock, Arkansas, Soldan tasted defeat at the hands of the champions of that city by a score of 26-6.

This year's championship gave Soldan its fourth leg on the Yale Bowl, and now, the Gold and Brown, ahead of her rivals, needs but one leg to acquire permanent possession of the trophy. Our previous pennants were won in 1919, 1921, and 1925. No award of the Yale Bowl is made in the case of a tie for the championship. In addition to capturing the Yale Bowl, Soldan clinched the Hellmich trophy, emblematic of all-round athletic supremacy.

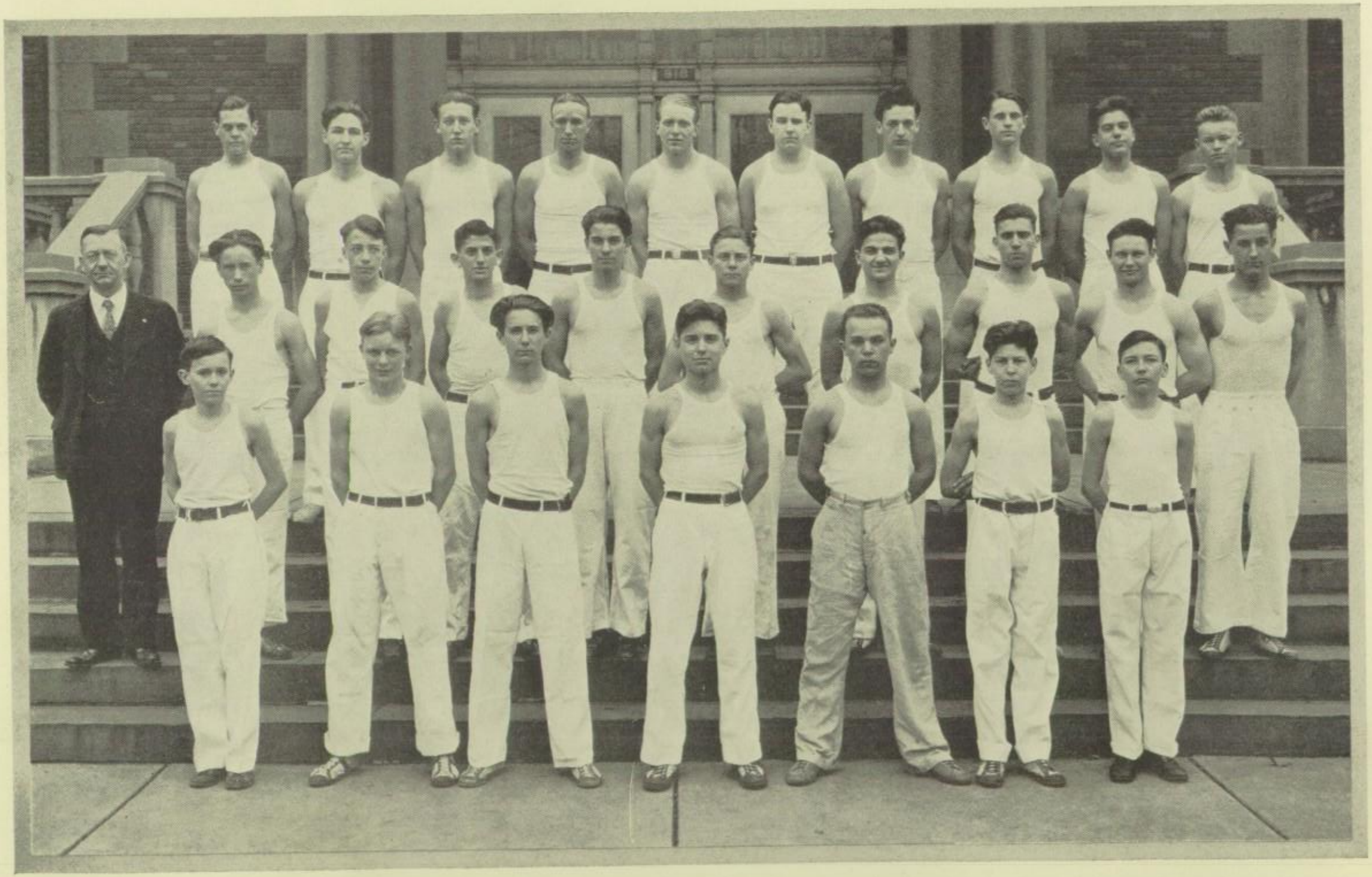
In its four pre-league games, the Gold and Brown not only displayed a powerful ground and aerial attack, but showed a stone wall defense in keeping its goal line uncrossed, to humble McBride, Granite City, St. Louis U. High, and Principia.

Although held to a score of 9-6 for three quarters by an unexpectedly strong Central eleven in the first league game, Soldan hit its stride in the last period to score nineteen points and swamp the Red and Black, 28-6.

The Gold and Brown avenged the defeat of the year before by downing Roosevelt, 6-0, in a very hard-fought game. The lone score came in the second quarter when Vance Wright blocked a punt and Vainiko, recovering it, raced across the Rough Riders' goal line. Spurred on by this important victory, Soldan continued its march to the championship by crushing Beaumont, 13-0. Our next victim was C. B. C., which was overwhelmed, 33-0, in a non-league game.

Rounding out its schedule in a blaze of glory, Soldan staged an inspired and thrilling rally to nose out a fighting Cleveland eleven, 14-12, for the championship. The Gold and Brown, held scoreless in the first half, was swept off its feet by a brilliant aerial attack which netted two touchdowns in the first few minutes of play. Fortunately, the attempts for extra points were unsuccessful. A rejuvenated Soldan eleven came back on the field in the second half to score fourteen points and victory.

This championship team, Coach Cook's latest achievement, serves as a reminder of the gratitude and praise Mr. Cook deserves for what he has done in developing clean, hard-fighting Soldan athletes. The boys on the team, putting more of their ability into the game than perhaps any previous Soldan team, merit commendation for doing their



GYM CLUB

share and more in bringing another championship to Soldan. Co-Captain Dave Cook, quarterback, by his spectacular end-running and fine generalship, climaxed his career as one of the greatest players Soldan has ever had and one of the outstanding stars of the High School League. Jones, playing a fast, heady game at half, proved capable in handling punts, while Fullback Robinowitz was very valuable for his ability as a blocker and his steady defensive work. Hartnett and Coe also showed up well. In the line, Minkey, Butts, and Hall were the ends, starring in stopping the safety man and breaking up trick plays. Minkey, for his outstanding play, was awarded a position on the All-Star team. Hall, with Vainiko, is the co-captain for 1930. Co-Captain Becker and Vainiko, two All-Star tackles all season, furnished the backs valuable interference, while Bray, Schneider, and Hoffman, the guards, were towers of strength on defense. Vance Wright was rewarded for his fighting spirit and his ability to diagnose the enemy's attack with a place at center on the All-Star team. Handley, Beeler, Siesennop, and Hicks, backs; and Link and Cooper, linemen, gave a splendid account of themselves when they were in the game, and successfully took up, where the regulars left off, the task of capturing the fourth Gold and Brown football championship.

The Soldan Gym Club

THE Gym Club was begun in 1913 by Doctor Koenig. In 1917, when "Doc" went over to Blewett to organize their gym classes, the club was taken over by Mr. Fager. On his return to Soldan in 1924, "Doc" again became the sponsor and has remained so up to the present time, with the exception of the fall term of 1925, when he was in Europe studying medicine. Through his efforts and coaching, the club has grown into an organization of forty members whose activities include weekly practice periods in the big gym, lunch aud programs, and many programs given at the request of the Patrons' Association, Mothers' Club, and other outside groups. It can truthfully be said that the Gym Club's "lunch aud" programs receive more interest and are more appreciated than most other "aud" programs.

The membership has recently become so large that, in order to keep down the size, entrance elimination contests have been instituted. Thus the club is enabled to pick the best of material. The applicant is put through a series of work-outs on the horse, parallel bars, and the horizontal bar. If he successfully passes these tests, he is placed in one of three groups, according to his ability. The third division is for those who require quite a little instruction to become proficient on the appa-

ratus; the second division is composed of members who are better than those of the third division, but not good enough to be put in the first division; the first division is the exhibition group. It performs at the various programs and its members act as instructors for those of the lower divisions.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Richard Survaunt	President	Ralph Allen
Ralph Allen	Vice-President	Sam Rosso
Bud Compton	Secretary-Treasurer	Otto Tubbesing
Bernard Ofner	Literary Editor	Franklin Copanas

Tennis

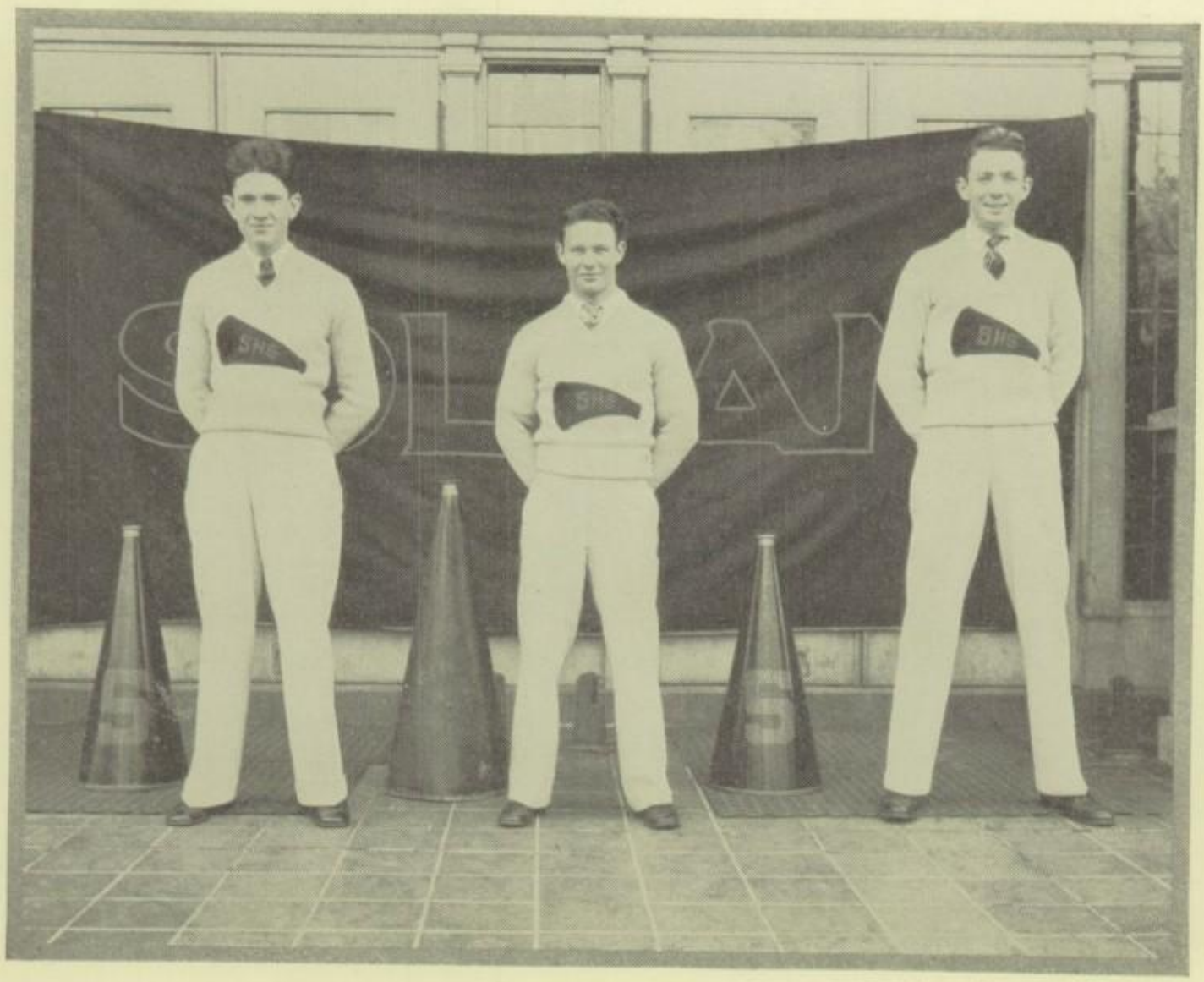
THE competition among the high schools in other sports is rather close, but in tennis Soldan unquestionably reigns supreme, as proved by its brilliant record. In thirteen years of competition, Coach Plag's teams have won nine championships and finished in second place the other four years, an extraordinary achievement and a real tribute to the fine coaching of Mr. Plag. Soldan championships cover the years '14, '18, '19, '21, '22, '24, '25, '27, '29. One reason for this success is the yearly spring tournament at Soldan, from which Coach Plag gets his material for the team in the fall.

In 1929, Soldan's net team surpassed all previous achievements and won the greatest victory ever recorded in St. Louis interscholastic high school tennis by taking sixteen straight matches without a single defeat. This truly remarkable record was due to the superb playing of Ben Brouster, first man; Elliot Levin, second man; Fred Sacks, third man and captain; and Gidlowitz and Zonnis, the doubles team. They were each interscholastic champions by virtue of their clean sweep of the matches played. However, because Harry Mendelson's eligibility was questioned, the match he had won against Central was forfeited. The standings of the high school teams at the end of the season were as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.		Won	Lost	Pct.
Soldan	15	1	.938	Cleveland	5	11	.313
Roosevelt	11	5	.688	Central	1	15	.063
Beaumont	8	8	.500				

With Mendelson, Levin, and Zonnis back next year, Soldan's prospects for another championship net team look exceedingly bright.

TENNIS TEAM



CHEER LEADERS

BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

BY placing four beautiful trophies in the possession of Soldan, the Gold and Brown championship basketball squad has proven itself to be the most successful squad in the history of the school.

When the season opened, things looked pretty dark for Coach White's cage squad. Captain Dave Cook was the only regular left over from the previous season. Ben Reese, big guard, found it necessary to stay at Soldan for extra credits, and Coach White was faced with the task of building a team around these two men. The members of the squad were Barney Passer, Keith Walker, Bob Mautz, and Harry Mendelson, forwards; Dave Cook, Tom Cass, and Howard Butts, centers; and "Red" Jones, Ben Reese, Bob Lahey, and Frank Swann, guards.

The team played their first practice game, and showed little promise. As the season progressed, however, the team followed winning ways, and managed to keep out in front of the other teams in the race for the championship of the Public High School League. Emerging from the first round of the championship race with a clean slate, the Gold and Brown cagers confidently started the second round. Meeting their first league defeat at the hands of Cleveland by two points, the Soldan quintet came back the next week to defeat Beaumont and win the championship. The record of the 1930 championship team of Soldan in the Public High School League was seven victories and one defeat.

In the district tournament, the White men won everything decisively, until they came against their old rivals in the final round of the tournament. Hardly playing up to form, the Gold and Brown cagers were again beaten by Cleveland, and were forced to be content with the runner-up position in the tournament.

Sent to the state tournament at Columbia, Missouri, to bring honor back to St. Louis, the Soldan quintet hurled themselves into the fray whole-heartedly. In the first game they defeated the very powerful Easton team. Winning the second game by a safe margin, they advanced to the semi-finals to play East High of Kansas City. Leading until the final fifteen seconds, the Gold and Brown cagers tasted defeat when the opposing center tipped one in from far out on the foul line. Coming back in the final game, Soldan routed Windsor with the largest score piled up in the tourney, and won third place in the state tournament.

The wonderful record established by the 1930 cage team was twenty victories and four defeats, including the tournaments. Out of four games lost, three were lost by either one or two points. Soldan scored 538 points against her opponents' 340.

BASEBALL SQUAD

Baseball

AST season Soldan finished a close second in the baseball race, and the team's showing so far this season points to another successful year.

When Coach White issued the call for baseball candidates at the beginning of the season, over a hundred aspirants turned out. Although Captain Siesennop, shortstop, Lahey, pitcher, and Walker, catcher, were the only letter men back, several of the boys had had experience as members of the Goldman Juniors team, which won the American Legion Junior Championship of Missouri last year. Among these were Handley, Passer, Butts, and Mass. The others who made a good showing were Jones, who played on last year's team, Machens, Gardiner, Patton, McGreevy, Williams, H. Richter, and R. Richter.

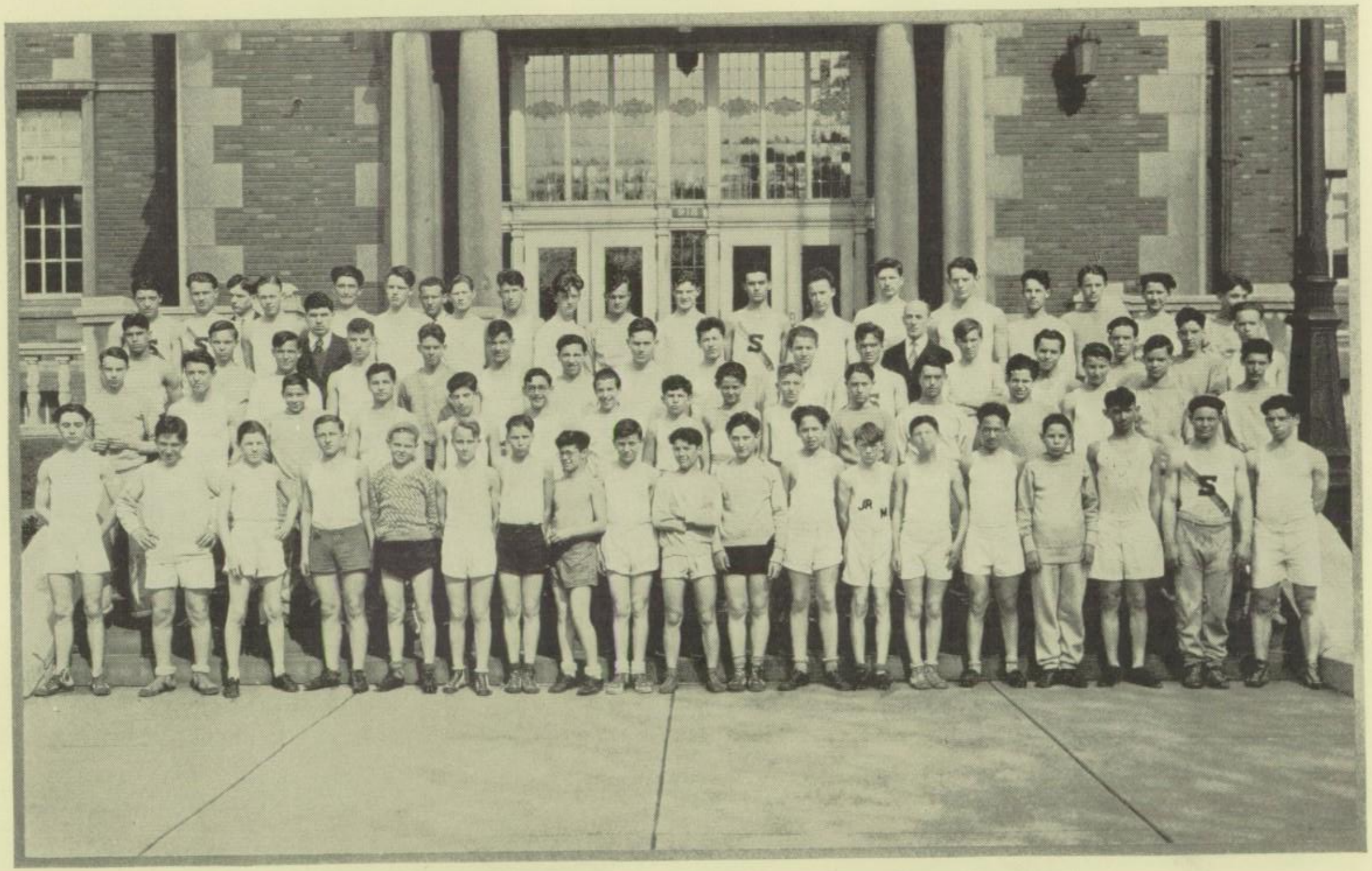
In the first game of the season, Soldan tied University City High, 1-1, in a seven inning practice game. Our lone score came in the fourth inning when Machens singled and was forced by Jones, who tallied on Butts' triple. The next day the Gold and Brown's second team batted out a 4-1 verdict over Beaumont's second team.

In the next practice game, the Gold and Brown defeated East St. Louis High in a ten inning battle, 5-4. Soldan rallied in the late innings to tie the score, and took the victory in the extra inning when McGreevy doubled and scored on Williams' single.

Soldan won its first league game by defeating Central, 7-3. Lahey and Patton allowed only four hits, while their team-mates garnered seven off the Central hurler. Soldan scored one run in the first inning; three in the second on two singles, a walk, and three errors; and two in the third frame on three singles. The final tally came in the eighth on a home run by McGreevy.

However, the Gold and Brown bowed in defeat to its old enemy, Roosevelt, in its second league game by a score of 12-8. Both teams were very poor in the field, committing fourteen errors, Soldan contributing nine. After trailing, 7-1, Soldan rallied in the fourth and fifth innings to tie the score, but Roosevelt again forged ahead and kept its lead.

Nevertheless, even after this defeat, Soldan is still very much in the race for the championship, being tied for third place, and we are pulling for the Gold and Brown to come back and battle either Roosevelt, Beaumont, or Cleveland for the championship in the final elimination game on May 31.



TRACK SQUAD

Track

LAST year Soldan had a highly successful track season. Soldan captured first place in the Mississippi Valley and St. Louis District Meets, and placed second in the Interscholastic Track and Field Meet. In the latter, Soldan captured the senior division, but Roosevelt was exceptionally strong in the other two divisions; thereby winning the meet with a total of 111½ points. Soldan was next with 71½ points; Beaumont third with 54½ points; and Cleveland fourth with 47 points.

In the Mississippi Valley Meet, Soldan was forced to fight hard all the way, finally emerging victorious by defeating the Webster relay team.

In the District Meet, the juniors won first place in their division. The seniors, though not as successful, earned second place, enough to give Soldan victory.

In the Interscholastic Meet, Soldan broke two records, both in the senior division. Cook broke the shot put record, held by Lacey, also of Soldan, with a put of 47 feet; Sommers broke the pole vault record with a leap of 11 feet 4 inches. With these two new records the Gold and Brown track team has ten standing interscholastic records to its credit, while its nearest rivals, Central, Cleveland, and Roosevelt, each have four. Hellmich proved himself the best sprinter in the city by winning the 100 and 220-yard dashes. Captain Lewis, who had distinguished himself in the other meets, won second in the mile and 880-yard run. Other seniors who distinguished themselves were Bray, Strand, Librach, and Herskowitz.

This year Coach Plag, building around Captain Cook, Herskowitz, and Librach, the three senior letter men, has built a squad which is surpassing the fine achievements of last year's team.

Soldan started the 1930 season off on the right leg by winning second in the first Annual State Indoor Meet held at Columbia, Missouri. In this meet Cook again came to the fore by winning the shot put and high jump. Herskowitz, veteran letter man, distinguished himself by winning the broad jump and taking second in the 60-yard dash. These two, along with Librach and Moore, earned second in the relay. This meet indicates the power of the Soldan senior team, which is sure to improve under the expert coaching of Mr. Plag.

On April 12, Soldan had its first outdoor 1930 track meet, against East St. Louis at East St. Louis. The Soldan team was victorious by a huge margin. Those that showed up well in the junior division were Barry, White, and Wilson. The senior relay team — Herskowitz, Librach, Cook, and Moore—won easily.

Although at the present writing there has been no midget meet, the

prospects are bright. Among these are Hill, Dykter, and Stern.

In general the Soldan prospects look bright for victory in the Interscholastic Meet.

The Missouri "M"

THE Missouri High School "M", an honor much coveted by the girls in the G. A. A., is perhaps a little harder to attain than the "S", because, to apply for it, a girl must excel not only in athletics but also in scholarship and sportsmanship.

The awarding of this letter, like that of the Soldan "S", is based upon the accumulation of points. The points a girl must obtain for the letter are 1000 in number, given for the following activities.

The first requirement is an eighty per cent average for two years. Also a girl must be considered a good sport, must have excelled in gym work, and must have passed a rigid physical examination. For the above, 400 points are given. These are absolutely necessary before application.

The other 600 points may be obtained in several ways, the choice being left to the applicant. A total of 100 points is given for each of the following: for hiking 100 miles in 10 mile stretches, for swimming 100 yards, for being a junior or senior life saver, for learning four folk dances, for having attained rings or other honors in the Girl Reserves or in the Girl Scouts, for being a leading member in school activities such as the Glee Club, Orchestra, or Band, and for coaching athletic teams without pay. When a girl has made her 1000 points in the above manner, she has really earned her letter.

Estelle Demeke, Laura M. Prawiz, Mary Borough, and Vrada Belle Lohman have been awarded the "M" during the last year.

The Soldan "S"

THE much sought after Soldan "S", which is worked for and won by the most earnest and sportsman-like girls in the G. A. A., is obtained by acquiring 750 points in several ways.

The points are awarded, each term, on the following basis: hiking (50); a perfect gym record (25); passing the posture test (25); winning blue, red, or white ribbons in track events (25, 15, and 10 respectively); attending ninety per cent of practice meetings (25); and playing on a championship team (100). Points are also given for various other activities, such as excelling in scholarship, and entering and placing in the tennis tournament.

The following girls have received the "S" in the past year: Margaret Post, Vrada Belle Lohman, Margaret Callahan, Margaret Schaufert, Frances St. Clair, Mary Borough, Muriel Upton, and Helen Malon.

MISSOURI "M"

SOLDAN "S"

G. A. A.

G. A. A.

ONE of the large clubs in Soldan is the Girls' Athletic Association. Girls of term three and above are eligible for membership. During the fall term, most of the time is devoted to volley ball. After about eight weeks of practice, class teams are chosen and a tournament is held. This year the eights were victorious.

Before Christmas, a party was held where the girls played games in the gym, and later had refreshments in the lunch room. At this time Mr. Stellwagen awarded "S's" and "M's" to the girls who had earned the required number of points.

In January, girls chosen from the sevens' and eights' volley ball teams played an exhibition game at Washington University. This was at a regular meeting of the Women's Physical Education Club of St. Louis, when several other city and county high schools showed different types of school work.

At the close of the volley ball season, members of the third and fourth term teams were guests of the Christ Church Cathedral Girls' Club. After having dinner with the members of the Girls' Club, the teams played a volley ball game for the girls.

It is through the G. A. A. that all Soldan girls' athletics are carried on.

First Term	Officers	Second Term
Margaret Schaufert	President	Elizabeth Ham
Helen Logan	Vice-President	Estelle Demeke
Susan Whitehead	Secretary-Treasurer	Helen Moncur

Basketball Tournament

THE Basketball Tournament for the spring season of 1930 proved to be a very exciting one. The team representing term 8 came up to the final game without having suffered a defeat as did also the team representing term 7. Since the final game of the tournament was the one scheduled between these two teams, the excitement was great. Each team had a number of loyal supporters who were predicting victory for their favorite team. The game proved to be a close one; it was well played and very interesting to watch. When the timer's whistle blew ending the game, the score was 14-10 in favor of the 7's. The 7's were of course

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

jubilant over their victory, but the 8's felt that they also had made a very enviable record in the tournament.

The girls who made up this championship team are as follows: Vera Badger, Mildred Butcher, Dorothy Deane, Janis Dale, Aldamae Davis, Edith Ham, Margaret Long, Louise E. Miller, Helen Mallon, Mary Margaret Porter, Thelma Pangburn, and Ruth Riek. Most of these girls have been members of the G. A. A. since their third term in school and in the other terms have represented their class on other basketball and volley ball teams. Additional honors will be awarded before the end of the term to the following girls who were members of this team: Vera Badger, Missouri "M" and Soldan "S"; Janis Dale, Missouri "M" and Soldan "S"; Helen Mallon, Soldan "S"; and Mary Margaret Porter, Missouri "M".

TATTLER

Diary of a Soldanite

January 6, 1930
Monday

Howdy Mr. Diary!

Back to school again today after the long holiday. Not too long though. It was funny to see the ratty looking ties the fellows are wearing, but I know how it is. I guess we all have these old-fashioned grandmothers who insist on descending on the family at Christmas with a "little something wrapped up for each of us." Just my luck to get one of those knitted ties! I wonder if every kid hates them as much as I do?

Gee! All the girls must have gotten perfume. Why do they insist on using it at school? It wouldn't be so bad if they would get some system in the matter. All the Lily of the Valley be used on Monday, violet on Tuesday, rose on Wednesday, etc; but they don't try to be sensible. All together they make an impossible mixture, and my poor nose! Such is life!

January 17, 1930
Friday

Hello Diary!

Yes— I got my program card today and what teachers! Just my luck to get all the hard ones. I hate to think what my report card will be like this term. But there's one consolation. It can't be any worse than it was last time!

Golly—you should see the dumb bunch of New Jays we've got. They seem to be playing some kind of game trying to see which one can ask the most foolish questions in a day. One of them came up to me and asked where the third floor was. I told him to go straight down the last stairway until he found it. Hope he was late to class!

School all day Monday—no more fifteen minute periods, so I suppose this is the last week-end without homework for a while. Oh well—

January 29, 1930
Wednesday

Diary—

There's somethin' on my mind tonight and it's bothering me a lot. In fact it's been on my mind all day long. It's this—

How can these fellows treat girls the way they do? You'd think a girl was the best thing on earth the way they act. They walk the halls from morning till night carrying their books for them. You'd think all the girls in this place had broken arms or something. And what gets me is to see a great big husky stoop down to pick up a lace handkerchief, about an inch square, for one of them. Of course, our motto is "Truth, Honor, Freedom, Courtesy," but I haven't seen a girl yet that I'd bother my head about to be so very courteous to; at least enough to pick up one of those dinky things. And another thing. They insist on spilling those silly compacts everytime a guy turns around. Gee—I'm glad I haven't got a silly girl!

February 3, 1930
Monday

Hi-there Diary!

Well, here we are in the month of great men. My Dad was born in February too.

What do you suppose happened today? I joined the Sammies and Susies. It's a peachy club. There's a swell girl who belongs too. She's got red hair and the swellest eyes but she's a Senior, so I guess she won't be able to look at a guy like me. I've been whistling "I'd Like To Be a Senior" all afternoon. It's a good song only I never thought much of it until now!

Had to give a speech today. It was on the "Habits of Mankind." It was pretty good, at least I thought so until they laughed when I started to talk about chewing gum. I thought it would make a hit with the teacher but I guess it didn't because when I got through she told me to take the chewing gum out of my mouth!

February 14, 1930
Friday

Hello Mr. Diary!

I'm all heated up tonight over something I did. I'm really proud of myself! What do you suppose? I sent the redhead a box of candy. Afterwards I saw her in the hall. She was walking with the captain of the football team and what do you think she did? She left him flat and came over to me and thanked me for the candy. Boy, did I see double? I guess I blushed like nobody's business, but I just couldn't help it. Then I walked to her next class with her. She let me carry her books and I dropped them like a sap but I got them all picked up before she got mad. I was late to my class but it was worth it. I guess there's a little hope for me. School isn't such a bad place after all—is it?

February 21, 1930
Friday

Howdy Diary:

I just thought of the rottenest thing in the world. George Washington has to go and have his birthday come on Saturday this year so we don't get any holiday from school. And I always thought he was a good guy. If that doesn't make me hopping mad! And I suppose it'll have to land on Sunday next year. If he wasn't dead I'd give him a piece of my mind.

Scrippage came out today as usual. Somebody wrote a story about George Washington and they printed it on the second page. I don't see how it got by the editor. I wish I was good enough to be on the *Scrippage* staff. Golly! I think I'll be a reporter when I grow up.

February 25,1930
Tuesday

Well, old Pal—

I put my foot in it that time. It's a good thing nobody had a chance to read what I wrote on February twenty-first, I'd be wiped off the map, and, who do you suppose would do it? That gal I sent the candy to! *She* wrote that story about George Washington that was in last week's *Scrippage*. *She* of all people. This is the way I found out. I was just about to get myself a drink at the fountain when along *she* came. Of course I offered her one but she didn't want it. Nevertheless I took one myself and I thought I heard her say.

"How did you like my story?"

"What?" I asked.

"The one about George Washington in last week's paper," she answered.

"Oh!" was all I could say and I nearly drowned myself getting another drink! What do you think of that?

March 6, 1930
Thursday

Hello—

Got report cards today and somehow I don't think I'll get any sleep tonight. It's a shame. I was so happy. In fact I was really enjoying life. Soldan wouldn't be such a bad place if it wasn't for report cards. Dad took one look and refused to sign it. Oh well—I guess Mom will sign it for me in the morning. I saw the "Authoress," (you know who I mean) after school. She got four E's. Gee, I didn't think she was that kind of a girl.

They had a program in the aud today. The Gym Club. Man! It was real. I think the Gym Club is about the best program we ever get after lunch. I thought one of the kids would break his neck. Another guy was hanging on it about a minute but when he let go it was all there. Seems to me I have heard about rubber necks before!

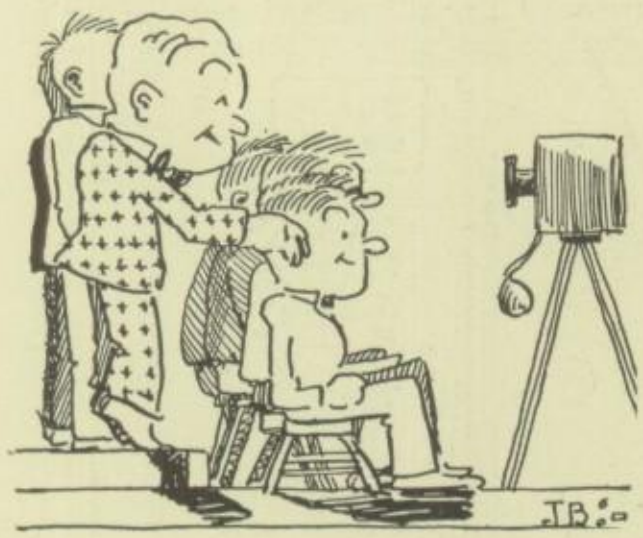
March 10, 1930
Monday

Mr. Diary,

Had lots of fun today. The Sammies and Susies had their picture taken for Scrip. The photographer had a terrible time getting us fixed. The best part was that all the time he was fussing at us I was missing my German class. Of course I cared.

What do you think? Soldan won the city basket ball championship. Rah! rah! for the "champs." They lost only one game. That was the one I didn't go to. I guess they missed my support.

I'm rather sleepy tonight. I ate thirty-five cents worth for lunch. I was still hungry when I got home so I ate until dinner. Then I helped myself twice to everything at the supper table. So I've had a big day, and I'm pretty tired. Goodnight.



April 1, 1930
Tuesday

Well—

I've never had such a time before in all my life as I've had today. I've been playing April Fool jokes on everybody.

The girl next to me in study hall, this morning, was using Webster's International, the great big dictionary. Some how or other the thing slipped, and crashed to the floor. It made one heck of a noise. Well, I leaned over and very politely inquired, "Did you drop your handkerchief?" She was so dazed that she looked down to see if I meant it and didn't even realize that a ton of handkerchiefs wouldn't make so much racket. But then—some people are dumb.

Oh, I forgot to tell you. This morning I fooled Mother's goldfish the first thing. I gave them some newspaper instead of fishfood. Well they bit all right. The dizzy fish ate it all up and now Mom's on my trail with murder in her eye! They up and died.

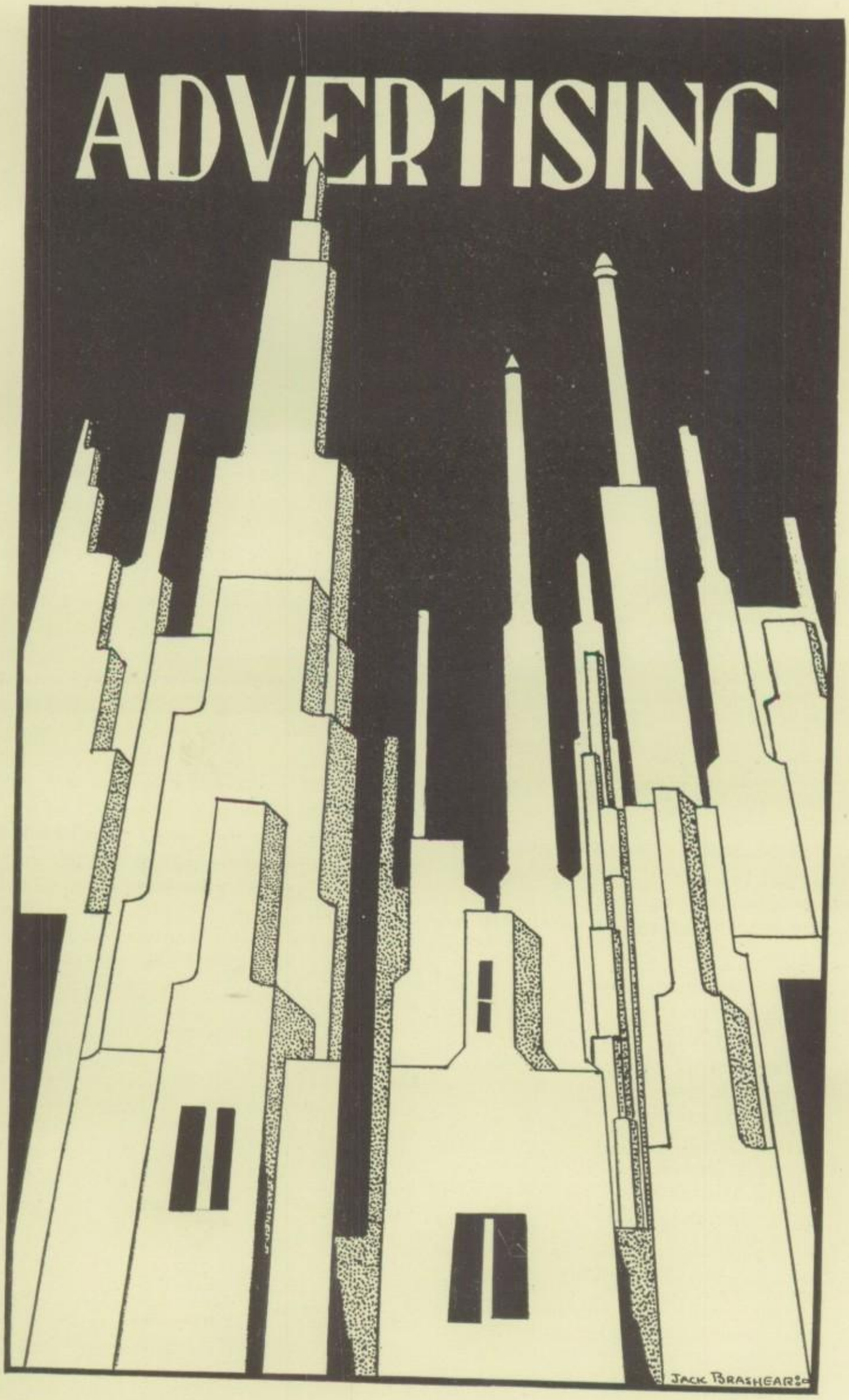
April 25, 1930
Friday

Howdy!

I'm in the dumps tonight and just about as mad as hops! And I can blame it all on that red head. This is the way it started.

The Sammies and Susies had a party in the big gym. It was lots of fun till they started to dance. I never could dance and I don't think I'll every try again! *She* came up to me and asked me if I wouldn't like to dance. Of course I couldn't stand there like an egg and tell her I didn't know how. Somehow we got way out in the middle. I was getting the knack of it pretty good when I stepped on her foot. I begged her pardon but I got all off the track from then on. I couldn't even hop. It wasn't long before I stepped on her toe again only harder this time. Well, what do you think she did? She slapped my face! Yes sir! Right in front of everybody and then she left me standing there like a nut! I felt like two cents. Just for that I swore off of all girls and I really mean it. Forever and ever—

Continued on page 208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Hyman Faier	Group 33	59.00
Jack Pape	Group 59	34.00
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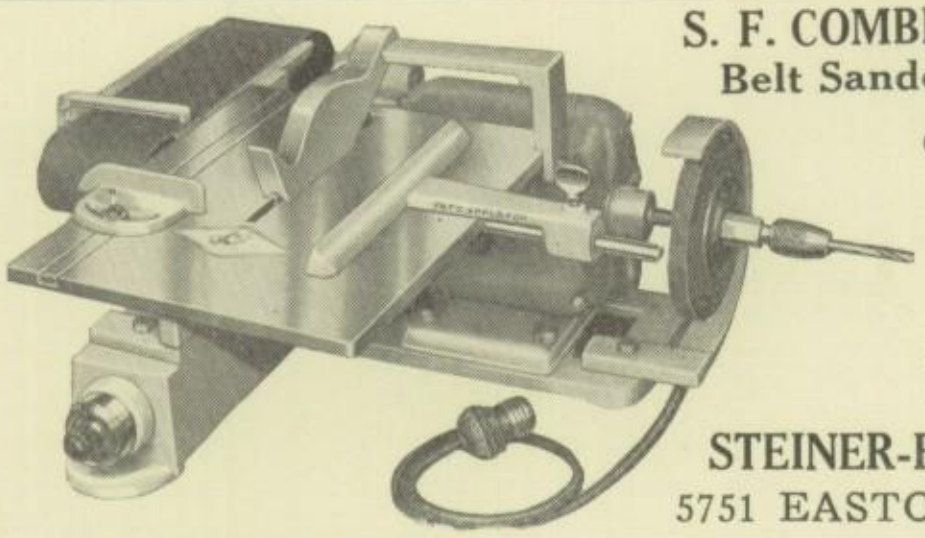

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Teacher: How would you determine the number of cubic centimeters in Tom's body?

Bill: Take a large graduated cylinder and fill it with water, tie a sinker to Tom, drop him in, and measure the water he displaces!

Miss Beck to Scrip Staff (speaking about Scrip covers):

How many here want a stiff back?

Chorus: Aye; but why not a stiff front too?

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5473 DELMAR
ST. LOUIS

3745 MAIN STREET
KANSAS CITY

May 22, 1930
Thursday

Hello again!

I've decided not to be a reporter. The reason is that they have girls who are reporters and I won't be bothered with girls anymore. No sir! Not me.

Gee, you'd have laughed if you could have seen the Seniors today. It was Stunt Day and they were all rigged up fit to kill. Our geometry class roared like everything when Napoleon Bonaparte got up to conquer a proposition and met his Waterloo!

I was wishing like everything that I was a Senior when I found out that the good-looking football captain was supposed to be a darky and the red-head wouldn't have anything to do with him. The proud beauty staged a regular scene in the hall when she saw the black all over his face. She stuck up her nose at him and as I was handy, she tucked her hand under my arm and we marched off as big as life. Now what do you think of a girl like that—?

June 12, 1930
Thursday

Diary—

I guess it's all over now. The Senior class graduated this morning at ten-thirty. The girls were all dressed in white and they sure looked swell. Some of them had to say speeches and *she* said a poem that she wrote herself. It was good. Wish I could write the way she does. Well I saw them all get a diploma and I clapped so hard for *her* that my hands are still red.

Afterwards I wanted to shake hands and say "Good-by" but what do you suppose? Just as I got near enough to speak, that football captain walked up and handed her a great big bouquet of roses. She couldn't even see me. I just walked away and didn't say anything. For the last time I'm swearing off of girls and this time I really mean it! Forever and ever!

G. BACON, 5

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LET US HELP YOU WIN

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Senior: (looking at Scrip) Gee, who's that dizzy looking guy with my name under him?

Toot! Toot!

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Whatever be you goal,
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Seven: There are somethings that I can always count on.
Senior: What are they?
Seven: My fingers.

Teacher: Give a sentence using the word Senior.
Bright One: I seen yer (senior) mark my paper.

Gummie: What was so remarkable about the economic progress in the Philippines?
Hisstude: The census takers found that 600,000 of the 7,000,000 people were head hunters.
Gummie: And what of that?
Hisstude: Well, that made it dangerous for the census takers.

After much urging, an Irishman, newly-come to the United States, bought a banana. After he had eaten it, the vender asked him how he liked it. The Irishman replied: "I liked it foine, but it had too much cob."

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Miss Lucas, Advisor

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The officers of The Soldan Patrons' Association wish to take this opportunity to thank the faculty, Scrippage Staff, and the patrons for their wonderful cooperation in helping to make this a most successful year.

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(Fill in the names of automobiles and auto parts to rhyme with the preceding line.)

Alice and her beau one day
Went riding in his—
Her beau was fat, his name was Frank
And he was somewhat of a—

It was too bad he wasn't smarter,
But he couldn't work the—
She showed him how, the little dear,
And also how to shift the—

Continued on page 221

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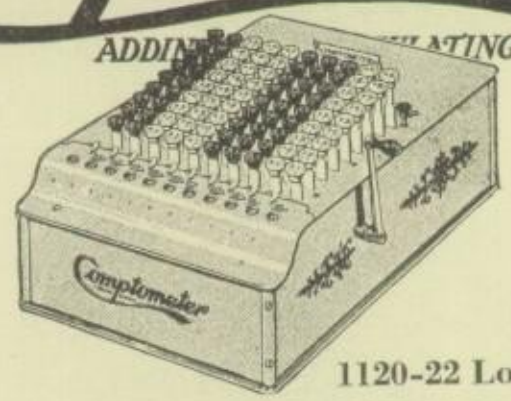

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Away they went, but something broke,
'Twas just a measly little—
He fixed it with a piece of wire;
Then something popped—it was a—

'Twas mended soon, but next kerflop,
They struck a branch and smashed the—
"Dear me," cried Alice. "That's too much."
Then something happened to the—

And next, poor Frank, unlucky dub,
Just grazed a rock, and mashed a—
They crossed a brook, but missed the ford,
And sank down to the—

Continued on page 222

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"O, Frank," cried Alice with a squeal,
"I think we're going to lose a—"
They climbed a hill and then 'twas seen,
The tank contained no—

They coasted downward toward the lake,
But Frankie couldn't work the—
They struck a post a moment later,
That almost wrecked the—

So both climbed out and poor old Frank,
Bought gasoline and filled the—
And gathered up from road and field,
The fragments of the broken —

Continued on page 224

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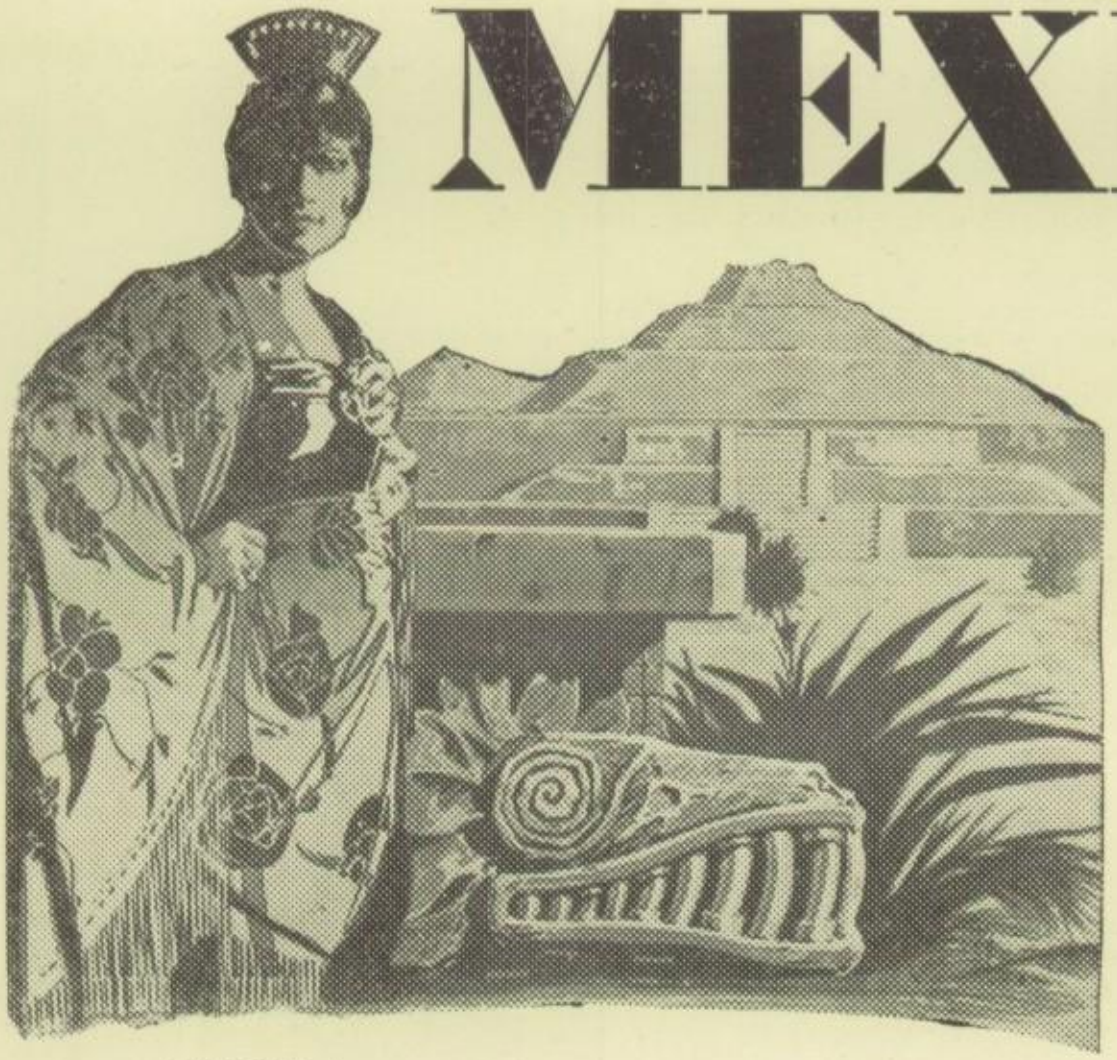

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They fixed the engine tight and snug,
And had to use a new—
Just then he slapped at a mosquito,
And dropped a wrench on the—

'Twas useless then to sweat and toil,
Nothing would run except the—
They journeyed home with Frankie
pushin'
While Alice sobbed upon a —
So poor Frank's hopes were doomed
to blight,
And Alice married—

Exchange

A: What's the difference between capital and labor?

B: I'll bite!

A: Well if I lend you five cents, that's capital; if I try to get it back, that's labor!

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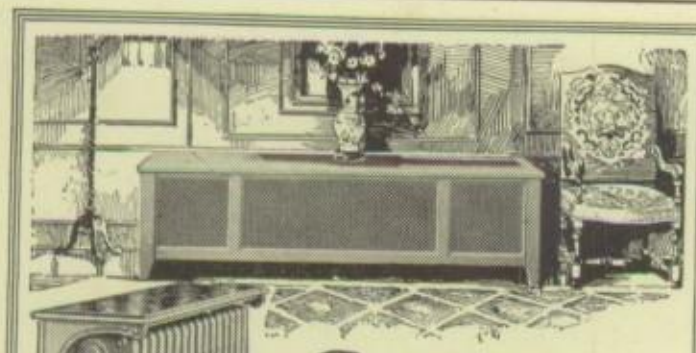

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Van Miller Studio, 3546 Olive St.

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R. C. Hinds Plumbing & Heating Co., 919 N. Kingshighway.
Sodeman Heat & Power Co., 2300 Morgan St.

Printing and Engraving

Art Craft Shops, Inc., 1525 Olive St.
Britt Printing & Pub. Co., 608 N. 21st St.
Bromberg Printing & Pub. Co., 907 N. High St.
Hughes Printing Co., 214 Pine St.
Missouri Printing Co., 3160 Easton Ave.
Modern Press & Stationery Co., 4918 Delmar.
Sanders & Melsheimer Engr. Co., 720 Washington Ave.

Classified Advertisers Index

Refreshments

Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
Blackstone Candy Co., 5706 Easton.
St. Louis Ice Cream Co., 4585 Page.
Brewer's, 278 DeBaliviere.
Joe Kaizer Candy Co., 4975 Easton.
Louis Mirrabelli, 1437 Burd Ave.

Restaurants and Cafeterias

Joe Fracchia, 6523 Delmar.
Joe Garavelli, 5701 DeGiverville.
Hilsman Lunch Room, Cates and Suburban Tracks.

Schools and Colleges

Brown's Business College, 911 Locust St.
The Comptometer School, 1122 Locust.
City College of Law and Finance, 322 N. Grand Blvd.
Dickinson Secretarial School, 321 Victoria Bldg.
Dodson School of Private Tutoring, 5337 Cabanne.
Ford School of Dancing, 1489 Union Blvd.
Jewish Hospital School of Nursing, 216 S. Kingshighway.
Missouri School of Accountancy, 911 Locust.
Rubicam Business College, 4931 Delmar.
Sarachon Hooley School of Secretarial Training, 5473 Delmar.
St. John's Hospital School of Nursing, Euclid and Parkview.
St. Louis College of Pharmacy, Euclid and Parkview.
St. Louis University, 221 N. Grand Blvd.
St. Louis University School of Commerce and Finance, 221 N. Grand.
St. Luke's Hospital School of Nursing, Delmar and Belt.
Speedwā School, 3107 N. Grand.
Irma Summa School of Dancing, 425 DeBaliviere.
Washington University, Skinker and Forsythe Blvd.
Washington University School of Nursing, 416 S. Kingshighway.

Shoe Stores

John Albert Shoe Store, 1482 Hodiamont.
Vogue Boot Shop, 615 Locust St.

Soldan Organizations

Chemistry Club.
Class of June, 1930.
Dramatic Guild.
Girls' Health Classes.
Group 6.
Group 11.
Group 29.
Group 33.
Group 56.
Group 60.
Mothers' Club.
Patrons' Association.
Sammies and Susies.

Wholesale Foodstuffs

L. Cohen Grocery Co., 1018 N. Seventh St.
Fischer Meat Co., 415 Morgan St.
Gerber Fruit Co., 806 N. Fourth St.
Haas-Lieber Grocery Co., 301 S. Eighth St.
Jacob Haueisen Produce Co., 1017 N. Third St.
P. Kury Provision Co., 3964 Garfield.
Meletio Sea Food Co., 822 N. Broadway.
Viviano Grocery and Mfg. Co., 829 Wash St.

Unclassified

Autolane Stamp Co., 4228 Washington Blvd.
Becktold Co., 210 Pine St.
Briell-Rodgers Cotton Goods Co., 1515 Pine St.
Doubleday-Doran & Co., 310 N. Eighth St.
The Fair Moving Co., 4239 Olive St.
Hamilton State Bank, 5852 Delmar Blvd.
Hussman Stamp Co., 620 Olive St.
S. S. Kresge Co., 6108 Easton Ave.
Lowe & Campbell, 1127-29 Pine St.
Missouri Pacific Ry. Co., 13th and Olive.
New System Millinery Co., 5879 Delmar.
Pillsbury Flour Milling Co., 1024 Centra Industrial Ave.
St. Louis Costume Co., 507 N. Broadway.
Shepard Funeral Home, 1167 Hamilton.
I. L. Sorger, 4943 Lindell Blvd.
Steiner-Fulton Products Corporation, 5751 Easton Ave.
Wellston General Repair Co., 5877 Easton Ave.
Cyrus Crane Willmore Organization, 735 Boatmen's Bank Bldg.
F. W. Woolworth Co., 5665 Delmar Blvd.
F. W. Woolworth Co., 6392 Delmar Blvd.

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